

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

August, 1949

The Seamen's Strike

► THE CANADIAN SEAMEN'S UNION strike has made so many headlines in so many countries over the past four months that the issues are now thoroughly confused. It was hard enough to keep the facts straight last summer, when the CSU strike against two Great Lake steamship companies resulted in those companies signing with Pat Sullivan's Lake Seamen's Union (which was later taken over by the Seafarers International Union).

Today when incidents arising from the strike are reported from four continents, some review of events is necessary for perspective.

The trouble began last fall when the CSU and the Canadian deep-sea shipping companies failed to reach agreement on a new contract. In November the federal Department of Labor appointed a Board of Conciliation and Investigation consisting of a chairman representing the government and two members named by employers and union respectively. The board failed to reconcile the two sides, but it did manage to arrive at a unanimous recommendation for a compromise settlement. Where the union was asking for higher wages and the companies proposing substantial cuts, the compromise recommended that no change be made in current wage rates, overtime rates, or basic hours of work. Where the CSU wanted to make their union halls the sole medium for hiring and the companies to abolish the union halls completely, the compromise provided that hiring should be done through either national employment offices or the union halls, in a clause very similar to that in the previous contract. It also provided that there should be no discrimination against

(Continued on next page)

Dollars and Pounds

► OUR WORLD CONTINUES to proceed from one crisis to another. The latest of these is the deterioration in Britain's dollar reserves with its attendant demand for devaluation of the pound and the end of bilateral trade agreements. As this is written talks are being held in London between the financial experts of Canada, United States, and Great Britain preceding a general conference of Commonwealth finance ministers.

U.S. Treasury Secretary, John W. Snyder, appears to have made the strongest representations on behalf of his government (although U.S. officials are known to be sharply divided as to the wisdom of such a course) for the devaluation of British currency. Sir Stafford Cripps, however, in announcing to the House of Commons a ruinous drop in dollar reserves of \$260,000,000 from the end of March to the end of June, added that the British government "has not the slightest intention of devaluing the pound."

British export figures for the first quarter of 1949 had given little warning of the breakers ahead. A British government publication announced exports for March at 62 per cent above the monthly volume of the base year of 1938—the



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THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE

union men and that non-union seamen hired should be required to join the union or to pay dues under a modified Rand formula.

The board's report was issued on February 19. The ship-owners accepted it on February 28. The CSU attempted to negotiate a different settlement, and finally rejected it on March 28, after starting strikes in several ships docked at Halifax. On March 31 the east-coast companies signed a contract with the Seafarers International Union (AFL) to man their ships. The CSU then called a strike on all east-coast ships. The strike soon became world-wide when Canadian ships docked in England, France, Norway, British Guiana, Cuba, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States.

During April the CSU signed agreements with most of the Great Lakes shipping operators and with the west-coast deep-sea shipowners on the basis of the 1948 wage rates. However, all attempts to settle the east-coast dispute were now complicated by the SIU which began putting crews on the struck ships, even flying them in to foreign ports.

For many weeks the strike continued to make headlines all over the world. Clashes between CSU and SIU men resulted in riots and violence in several Canadian waterfront cities. Strikers in foreign ports were arrested on charges ranging from neglect of duty to mutiny. Among the more dramatic incidents were the Cuban navy's attack on a Canadian ship and the murder of two Canadian seamen in California.

The most serious of the repercussions was the strike of the British dockworkers. When dockers refused to unload struck Canadian ships, their employers refused to assign them other work. Other dockers then struck in sympathy, and soon several British ports were tied up. When repeated attempts failed to get the men back to work, the British government was forced to declare a state of emergency and use troops to unload the sorely needed supplies. Meanwhile the anti-communist International Longshoremen's Union (AFL) threatened to tie up British ships in U.S. ports in retaliation against the British workers' refusal to handle SIU-manned ships, and the pro-communist French dockworkers' union refused to handle British ships in sympathy with the British workers.

In Canada the Trades and Labor Congress suspended the CSU on June 3, under pressure from the AFL which had threatened to withdraw its international unions from the

TLC. Deprived of Congress support, the CSU leaders offered to call off the strike if the government would guarantee the strikers' back wages and supervise a union vote, but the government refused.

That is what has happened, in brief. The various forces at work are tangled, but they have all been shaped by the fact that the CSU is Communist-dominated. Otherwise the SIU would hardly have entered the picture, or, if it had, it would not have been so heartily welcomed by the government and employers. But if the CSU had a sound case (as it had last summer when the Great Lakes companies refused to accept the decision of the government arbitrators), it would be the duty of labor and progressive groups to support the seamen in spite of their leadership. However, this time the situation is different. It is the CSU leaders who refused to accept the recommendations of the conciliation board, even though the union nominee on the board concurred and the TLC leaders advised acceptance. Certainly, it is hard to see what the CSU expected to gain by a strike when the SIU was waiting to step in. Indeed, shortly after the strike started the CSU appeared ready to settle on terms no better than those which the employers had accepted in February. It seems clear that as far as the welfare of the union members is concerned the strike was a bad tactical blunder—a blunder that no experienced union leaders could have made unwittingly. Nor would union leaders acting in good faith have deliberately confused the issues by misrepresenting the terms recommended by the arbitration board. Perhaps such misrepresentation was necessary to secure strike solidarity, but it throws suspicion on the motives of the leaders.

Culpable as the CSU leadership is, it could not have wrought such widespread damage by itself. It has had the co-operation of the Canadian government and the ship-owners, of the SIU, and of the employers of the British dockworkers. The Communist leadership of the CSU does not justify the strikebreaking and racketeering tactics of the SIU, nor does it justify the government and employers making use of the SIU to dislodge the seamen's established bargaining agent. The government may justify its acts legally on the ground that the CSU has been certified as the bargaining agent on less than 10 per cent of the ships involved, but the labor code should prevent companies who have signed agreements with one union from signing with any other until it has been proved that the employees concerned wish to change their affiliation. In Britain the Communists stirred up the dockworkers' strike, but it would not have spread as it did if the employers had not poured fuel on the flames by refusing to let strikers unload non-Canadian ships.

Distributing the blame does not lessen the damage done. It is unfortunate, but it can hardly be an accident, that the widespread effects of the strike—on the seamen, on Canada's merchant marine, on Britain's economy, and on world trade—are such as to benefit no one but the Communists.

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Church and State

An understanding of the particular nature of the present struggle between church and state in Czechoslovakia requires a good knowledge of the history of the Czech church. The Czechs were the first in Europe to revolt against the authority of Rome and to establish a reformed church. After the Thirty Years' War the Czechs were under the direct rule of the Hapsburgs, whose dynastic interests were always closely tied to the Catholic church. The efforts of the Hapsburgs to centralize their Empire, and consequently to Germanize the Czechs, were linked with a strong counter-reformation against the largely Protestant population of Bohemia. After prolonged, violent struggles, these efforts met with success, so that most of the former adherents of the doctrines of Hus returned to the Catholic fold.

The strong movement of nationalism, which developed in Bohemia in the nineteenth century, was not supported by the Catholic hierarchy, which saw in it a threat to the Hapsburg throne.

After the creation of the Republic, in 1918, a settlement was reached between church and state. Church property was not included in the re-distribution of land, and complete religious freedom was allowed. The clerical party entered Czech politics and became one of the dominant factors in parliament. Of some twenty parties it was always among the first five in terms of popular support. This trend continued after the recent war, which strengthened the Catholic church in Bohemia because of the exemplary conduct of the clergy during the occupation.

In Slovakia the church was always stronger than in the more urban, western provinces of Moravia and Bohemia. The population was largely agricultural and had attained a lower degree of education under the Magyars, than had the Czechs under the Austrians. During the Nazi occupation, the puppet government of Slovakia was headed by a priest, but this did not seem to weaken the power of the church after the liberation. It was in Slovakia that armed resistance (pitchforks) was recently offered the communists who wished to interfere with the religious practices of the population.

The Catholic church in Czechoslovakia had never found it easy to distinguish between what was Caesar's and what was God's, but since 1918 it was able to adapt itself well to the requirements of a democratic state. The present struggle between Gottwald and Beran is highly damaging to the already battered record of the communists. The majority of the population supports the church, which is led by a man whose record is spotless. The Czechs would support anyone who fights despotism, and even those who are not Catholics or are lukewarm towards the church, are only too glad to join those who are still able to oppose the communists. Many will compromise with the autocracy of the church in order to fight an autocracy which, right now, seems to present a more imminent danger.

Harry and Louis Play House

It seems highly fitting that President Truman's first major triumph in the 81st Congress, was the passage on June 29th, of the National Housing Bill by the House of Representatives. In no field have New Deal principles been more

strenuously attacked and New Deal programs more seriously hamstrung and indeed excoriated, than in housing. All down the line the real estate lobby has recorded success after success with the result that public housing in the United States has been at a virtual standstill for the past seven or eight years.

To Canadians, who two days before gave the Liberal party the greatest electoral majority in Canadian history at least in partial endorsement, of the "achievements" of the Liberal government in housing, the action of the supposedly less enlightened American Congress must be revealing. Prime Minister St. Laurent made it quite clear on election night that he personally had made only one promise during two months of electioneering, namely, to do his best. His "best" in housing was indicated in 1947 as a denial of the validity of rental subsidies. On the other hand, his ministers and the candidates of his party (75% successful) made a great many "promises" of new dominion-housing proposals. Whether these were delivered with or without "authority" is not known. However, on June 30th Mr. St. Laurent was definite, at the first post-election press conference, in stating that no subsidized low-rental housing program had been considered at the ministerial level.

Mr. Truman's triumph was not an easy one, however. Final vote in the House was 228 to 185 but this gives no indication of the furious see-saw battle in which the low-rent public housing section, very heart of the program, was knocked out by 3 votes, then restored by 5 votes with the assistance of 24 liberal Republicans who voted with the administration. Canadians should appreciate the significance and magnitude of this multi-billion dollar housing plan which provides in part:

1. A slum clearance program in which the federal government will put up \$1,000,000,000 in loans and another \$500,000,000 in grants to assist localities in doing the job.
2. A low rent housing program calling for the construction of 810,000 units in the next six years and committing the federal government to a \$308,000,000 maximum subsidy for forty years.
3. Broad housing research designed to improve construction techniques while reducing costs.
4. Farm housing loans and grants to improve and rehabilitate farm housing, a total federal commitment of \$262,500,000. In Canadian terms such a program would involve about \$135,000,000 for slum clearance (by contrast the Dominion grant for the Regent Park project amounts to \$1,125,000); a low rent housing program of about 75,000 units—nearly a year's production at present Canadian rates; and significantly greater commitments in the area of housing research, not to mention the farm program.

Canadians may suspect that passage of the American National Housing Bill is an early attempt to prime the pump. Whether the allegation be true or not (and why not?) the Bill calls for a program of low-rental housing which will provide nearly five times as many such dwelling units in six years as were completed under several public housing agencies during the past fifteen years (excluding special war-time housing). In this country the problems and difficulties of public housing, the pros and cons and the interests on both sides are strikingly similar to those in the United States. Yet

in that country, by 1946, thirty-nine states had low-rental housing acts and housing authorities had been established in almost every major city. Only two Canadian provinces (Ontario and Quebec) can boast of recently passed housing legislation—though not designed to stimulate low-rental public housing—and only two Canadian cities (Toronto and Halifax) have public housing authorities.

It is time Canadians realized that all levels of government bear responsibility for the provision of housing and told their elected representatives to assume their appropriate roles, whether in the areas of finance, legislation, or administration. Programs are urgently required to provide low-rental publicly built houses for the 70 per cent of Canadians who can neither afford to buy nor rent housing accommodation at present prices. The Prime Minister has made no promise, however.

The Open? Road

For at least two months past, and for another two months yet to come, Canadians have been hearing about, perhaps even following, "the siren song of the open road." This may be the time to reflect that our highways are not nearly as open as we have a right to expect, especially in view of the vast sums which, through excessive gasoline taxes and high license fees, we have been paying for their building and maintenance ever since the automobile came to stay. When we reflect that many of our main roads have been built and rebuilt as many as four times, because of the pennypinching, short-sighted attitude which was taken when they were first built, and this at a total expenditure far in excess of what a proper job, well done, would have cost the first time, the picture is even more depressing. In the very early days there was perhaps some excuse, for no one knew what a *good* highway really was, let alone how to build it; there is no such excuse now.

The Lake Superior North Shore Road, essential link in the much talked about Trans-Canada Highway, remains still but a survey and some vague lines on the highway maps, marked "Projected." Unfortunately one can drive neither on talk nor along a survey line. Small wonder, then, that most cross-Canada travellers, faced with the alternatives of staying in their own country and of going four hundred miles out of their way on miserable gravel roads, or of doing the central part of their trip on good American concrete, choose the U.S. route. Why not? The American route is better, faster, shorter, more comfortable and, thanks to our exorbitant gas prices, far cheaper.

A call to the Ontario Department of Highways (surely one of the worst-mannered and least communicative of all government offices) reveals, however, that the North Shore Road has not been completely forgotten. Actually, some twenty miles will be built this season—about fourteen miles at Marathon and six at Terrace Bay—isolated chunks of road in the wilderness, beginning and ending at nowhere. No doubt they will give much pleasure to the citizens of these company towns, and perhaps some profit to their owners, but they still leave the road, considered as a through highway, completely useless, with more than two hundred miles of unusually trackless wilderness still to be crossed.

Another of the province's most needed roads, a road whose importance will increase immeasurably if the North Shore highway ever is completed, is the Sudbury cut-off. This road, when finished, will save almost a hundred miles on a trip to the vast French River holiday country, and about sixty miles for travellers between Sudbury and the Soo and southern Ontario. It will also, by diverting the north-west

traffic at Gravenhurst, relieve the heavily overloaded northern sections of highway number eleven. At present this road ends at Britt, leaving a gap of some sixteen miles between its end and the end (at French River) of a fair road running south from the Trans-Canada. Aside from the bridging of the French and Pickering Rivers, a month's vigorous work would close this gap, but against this closing a vicious North Bay lobby, motivated purely by self-interest, has fought vigorously and successfully since before the war. This lobby is still winning, too, for while work is proceeding on the road this year, only five miles will be built, enough to transfer the dead end of the road from Britt to, approximately, the edge of the Pickering River.

Also, nothing at all is being done on the four-lane cross-province Highway, the one road of which we might really be proud and which ends miserably, and no one knows for how long, at a barrier outside Oshawa.

These are but a few examples from the dozens which might be cited—enough to show, we think, that all is not well in our highway planning. The reason: too much politics. The solution: a vigorous program of highway building *for need*, designed and carried out by the department's engineers, without interference from the department's politicians.

Finally, one wonders why so much of the necessary maintenance and rebuilding of roads already in service is left until the very peak of the tourist season is upon us.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Stalin, like M. Duplessis, has been having trouble with Jehovah's Witnesses. It must be particularly trying when you are building the best of all possible worlds to have a rapidly growing sect on your hands which insists that everything is getting worse and worse, that all governments are doomed to failure, and that absolutely nothing can be done about it. Stalin of course might overlook what M. Duplessis could not, namely that the Witnesses are enthusiastic debunkers of hell and defamers of the churches. But gone are the days of Pastor Russell's clumsy predictions of the date of the End; the slick guy who runs the publishing business now says only, "I can't tell you when; but—'It's later than you think'." So proclaimed hundreds of sandwich boards on the streets of Toronto on the eve of the election. Indeed it must be a bit later than we were just thinking when our society has produced so much paranoia among folk who believe every man's hand to be against them, and so much discouragement that any action for the better (even to vote) is proclaimed a sin. Gaol won't cure this sort of thing; it will exacerbate it.

Thumbprint

Before the last election, a citizen of a Toronto constituency approached the CCF candidate and said: "I'm anti-Tory, but I might vote either for you or for the Liberal. Why should I vote for you?" The candidate replied: "Well, you'll admit that the Liberal candidate hasn't a chance, and you say you don't want to vote Tory, so I solicit your support." At the same time, in the same constituency, the Conservative candidate, or his supporters, was circulating a letter to the effect that, as the Liberal candidate had no chance, the electors had better put him in or run the risk of having a Socialist slip in. That's all there is to this story, except that of course the Liberal candidate took them both to the cleaners; and, on reflection, we are not altogether sure what the moral is.

DOLLARS AND POUNDS

(Continued from front page)

highest in British trading history. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, reporting on gold and dollar reserves, said, "This drain on our reserves seems now under increasing control." Again, the crisis came at the beginning of an energetic campaign for increasing British exports to Canada and the United States to a point that would eliminate any loss of gold reserves when the Marshall Aid ended in 1952. The Chairman of the Board of Trade, Mr. Wilson, proclaimed "We will give every help, and where necessary show favoritism, to exporters to Canada and the United States in their productive difficulties. This task is one of the greatest challenges in history to the merchant adventurous spirit of Britain's traders." The situation at the end of the year's first quarter therefore was looked upon as modestly favorable and hopeful. The darkening business outlook in the United States changed this quickly. American importers, anxious over the course of business and prices in United States, sharply curtailed orders for British goods. While Britain's dollar crisis is a manifestation of deep-seated maladjustments in world trade, the immediate cause was the deepening recession of business in the United States.

The British argue that, at best, devaluation is a doubtful temporary palliative. The end result would be to raise British export prices through the entire sterling area, thereby undermining her export drive, and place her on the road to national economic disaster. To protect Britain's solvency, Sir Stafford Cripps announced cuts in purchases in the western hemisphere of \$450,000,000 of which \$250,000,000 represented purchases in the United States. The automatic result of these steps means more austerity for the British people in the form of less tobacco, less variety in foods, smaller imports of urgently required machinery to cut production costs—but it also means restricted American exports.

Criticism of the British position is growing in the American press. The *Wall Street Journal* curtly demands an end to U.S. aid until Britain discontinues its planned socialist economy—all the post-war ills of the United Kingdom are, of course, attributed to Britain's socialist administration. While too much attention should not be paid to this spokes-

man for U.S. private banking interests, nevertheless it is a refrain that falls on eager ears—namely that American dollars provided by American taxpayers are financing a socialist regime in Britain whose ideals are antagonistic to what they naively regard as America's free economy. The American press chooses consistently to ignore the fact that the U.S. continues to export six billion dollars of goods annually more than it imports. It indignantly demands the resumption of free trading while it protects its home market behind its high tariff walls. The American press would do its country a great service if it would teach citizens that if they insist on shutting out the world's goods from their markets, they can only continue to export substantially in excess of imports by way of long-term loans or outright gifts.

The wisest leadership in the United States understands well enough that any threat to British economic well-being is equally a threat to American well-being. But they fear that opinions, such as expressed by the *Wall Street Journal*, will gain public support if the U.S. business picture continues to deteriorate, unemployment grows, and if Britain appears to be looking solely to her own economic salvation without regard to American interests. There is clear recognition in Britain as well that bilateral trade treaties and restricted purchases in dollar areas offer no permanent solution. But devaluation would do more harm than good. Higher costs on goods imported from the western hemisphere would shortly be reflected in a higher price structure on all British goods, without offsetting advantages. The British government fears that the impact of higher food costs on her internal economy would require impossible subsidies or alternately wreck that degree of stability of wages and industrial peace that she has been able to maintain. British leadership believes that the only way out is a short-term policy of restricted dollar imports, and a long-term policy of increased efficiency of British industry, and higher man-hour productivity of her workers. The political and economic interdependence of the United States and Britain make it imperative that a compromise of these points of view is achieved.

To friends of the British experiment in democratic socialism, however, one question keeps intruding itself. Are international banking interests headed by Wall Street seeking to promote the same set of conditions as in 1931? Is this pressure on the British government designed to undermine both its resolve in the carrying out of its policies, and its position when it faces the electorate next spring? Does it aim at the formation of a coalition government to preside over the liquidation of socialist accomplishments? If such pressures were exerted openly British national pride would resent such interference in her internal affairs and re-elect its Labor government with a thumping majority. Mr. Harold Laski suggests that the unseen objectives of today's pressure moves are to assist in the "restoration of that capitalist economy now in decay all over Europe." Surrender to such designs would not only destroy British faith in parliamentary democracy, but, adds Mr. Laski, "would justify the worst charges made against socialist democracy by Moscow—that socialist democracy at every crucial moment can be counted upon to act as the safeguard of capitalist society."



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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Should Dentistry be Nationalized?

Dr. J. C. Flanagan

► THERE IS MUCH TALK about the need for dental-health services under a national health scheme. The Canadian Dental Association at its meeting at Saskatoon recently issued its version of what should and could be done.

Of course its first suggestion was that of education. The people of Canada should become acquainted with the dangers of neglect and also they should have some knowledge of the reason for the treatment of dental diseases. This program of education should start with parents, teachers, home and school associations, service clubs, etc., so that these groups would understand fully the importance of caring for the teeth of young children. To carry out this program, the Canadian Dental Association suggests that a qualified director of dental health be appointed in each province and, under his direction, dental-health officers be employed to examine all children and, when the need for treatment was determined, send the children to private dental officers for priority treatment.

The second point in their program was that of research. The profession urges reasonable provision for independent dental research to find new and better means of preventing tooth decay. The Canadian Dental Association's statement and belief on treatment services and how they may best be carried out is that private practitioners in private offices have proved that this is the best method of giving treatment. It almost goes without saying that the profession is opposed to, and will not willingly cooperate with, any plan that will lead to socialized dentistry.

This resumé of the Canadian Dental Association's case is a fair one, I believe. It is my purpose to try to evaluate this case in the light of reality, that is, in the light of actual conditions as they exist and in view of the present mood of Canadian people generally in relation to health services. Anyone with only half an eye can see that the present plan being put forward by the officials of the organized profession of dentistry called the Canadian Dental Association is totally inadequate to meet what amounts to a serious emergency in the field of dental health.

As an example of this emergency, let me quote from a survey conducted in Montreal two years ago on behalf of the Montreal Council of Social Agencies, under the chairmanship of Dr. Vivian, chairman of the Department of Health and Social Medicine of McGill University. "Out of 590 children examined, 29 children had received dental care that was considered adequate; 333 had mouths containing uncorrected dental defects, and an additional 104 children showed partially corrected defects, but were in further need of dental services." The two latter figures combined give a total of 437 children, out of 590 examined, urgently in need of dental treatment. This represents 74 percent of the group and places dental debility as the commonest defect found in this health survey. These findings included only permanent teeth. Had the deciduous teeth been included the results would have been even more startling.

The comments based on these findings were that: "the glaring state of dental defects challenges the greatest efforts for the correcting of existing conditions, particularly in the younger children"; and recommended "further inquiries into the possible reasons for dental caries and action of a preventative nature." This would seem to be particularly important as the story of dental defects in school children is

not new. One feels quite certain that this condition could be demonstrated throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

It was Dr. Osler who said that most disease in the human body entered through the mouth. The trail of suffering, ill-health, and disease left behind by the present condition of the people's health in Canada is one that is too costly, both humanly and financially, for people to have to bear in these days of medical skill and science. Anyone associated with the dental profession knows the deplorable state of the health of Canadian citizens, not only among the young, but among the middle-aged and elderly.

It is because of these facts that I believe that the plans and ideas being put forward by the Canadian Dental Association are totally inadequate to meet both present and future needs. Granted that education and research are needed and should be carried on with the greatest intensity possible, yet treatment-care and the prevention of the present ravages of decay from causing further disease and ill-health is most urgent at the moment and will continue into the future. The premise on which the whole attitude of the dental profession in Canada is based is wrong, in my opinion. Whether the profession realizes it or not, the consideration of self-protection is their primary thought. The profession is a "closed shop" in the health field and, as such, regulates and governs itself. There is little or no public yardstick of measurement as to whether it is doing a public service or not.

In view of the findings of the Montreal survey I would ask the profession what it has done in the past by the private-enterprise system to meet the needs of children. It is not possible to meet these needs by the present method, as has been proven. It is too expensive and time-wasting. In the words of a dental health officer of twenty-five years of experience: "My chief quarrel with the Canadian Dental Association's statement is their demand that all treatment will be rendered by private dentists in their own offices on a fee-per-operation basis. I contend that this is the most costly, most unsatisfactory, and least efficient method of caring for children. From my experience of twenty-five years in the conduct of school dental clinics, I am firmly convinced that the best way to care for children's teeth is through clinics in the school. They are accepted as part of the training and education. The cost is much less and the dentist becomes more proficient dentally for children." It is obvious from their program that the committee of the Canadian Dental Association studying this whole problem has done so within the framework of its present established organization and closed state of mind.

Unless more imagination is used and a more forthright determination on the part of the profession to see that the dental needs of the Canadian people are met, no serious inroads can be made into the present dental-health tragedy. I will say that the profession is becoming aroused and anxious over the fact that Canadian people are demanding health services in the field of dentistry. They know that at present only a very few can afford the high cost of services under the private-enterprise system. The profession, in making the statement it did at Saskatoon, gives evidence of the fact that leadership is being required of them. We know that public dental-health services are just around the corner. The handwriting is on the wall. The secretary of the Canadian Dental Association is informing dental organizations right across Canada of this fact, with the implication that the dental profession must defend itself against any encroachment into its private domain. This kind of thinking or philosophy will not solve the problem of meeting the dental-health needs of the people, nor save the life of the present dental organizations.

A long time ago we were told that he who wishes to save his life must lose it. I suggest that there are few, if any, problems that cannot easily be solved in this field of health

if the profession and the public want to cooperate to see these conditions rectified. Our profession is one of the few that can readily estimate what conditions are and make a positive diagnosis; and there are few secrets hidden that the X-rays and common sense cannot detect. Our problem is largely one of organization, and this is where imagination and skill are needed.

If the first consideration were to be "service of the Canadian people in the field of dental-health services," my contention is that there are nearly enough dentists now operating, or in training, to do the work that is "necessary for them to do" and for which they are trained. What is so drastically needed is trained technical assistants, both male and female, if the work is to be done at a figure that is financially feasible. Two thirds of a dentist's time is taken up doing things that others can do well with training, such as gathering the information needed to make a diagnosis, taking X-rays, taking impressions for study models, cleaning teeth, teaching mouth hygiene, answering the telephone, admitting and discharging patients, making appointments, keeping books and accounts, and doing technical laboratory work. Adequate technical assistance would thus allow the dentist time to do the things he is trained for—to make the diagnosis and to carry out the operative work.

The solution is surely not in the isolation of an individual in a "hole in the wall" of a private office in a modern office building, a method that has proved totally inadequate for even scratching the surface of full dental-health needs. This surely is a horse and buggy way, or sending a boy on a man's errand, if the results of the survey are accurate.

In many parts of the world, including this continent, the pattern of public clinical-health methods is developing and will improve adequately to meet the fullest needs under the various plans of health insurance, contributory and non-contributory. Our hospitals are equipped with the tools necessary to give an efficient service, staffed with highly trained technical people to do the work which it is unnecessary for highly and expensively trained medical men to do. The community health centres need to include dental-health services on the same basis.

The tragedy of the present situation is that the dental profession has the knowledge and the skill; and that the public need the services badly and are demanding and holding governments responsible for their provision.

Failing to understand and keep pace with public opinion in the matter of dental health, the Canadian Dental Association will forfeit its leadership to the elected representatives of the people who, through parliament, will create the necessary organization to meet more adequately the urgent needs of the Canadian people. Other countries have had the same problems and are seeing that they are met in spite of the resistance of the professions in some cases, and in spite of inadequate plans in others. It is becoming increasingly obvious that there should be no price tag on health services, nor should any profession stand in the way of making such services available to all its citizens.

Let no one be led astray by the claim of high standards in private-enterprise dentistry. This may be so for the few, but ask any dentist who examined the dentistry in the mouths of our service men on admission to the service what the standards were for the many.

SAMPLE COPIES

We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

The New Telegram

W. M. Wadley

► THE APPEARANCE OF a new evening newspaper in Toronto on February 21 of this year brought with it the disappearance of the city's staunchest newspaper supporter of Toryism and the Orange Order, for the birth of the new *Telegram* coincided with the death of the *Evening Telegram* after seventy-two years of publication.

The paper, founded on April 18, 1876, by John Ross Robertson with the financial assistance of Goldwin Smith, had been operated after his death in the name of his estate by a board of five trustees. It was the death in the summer of 1947 of Mrs. Jessie E. Cameron, the widow of the founder, which resulted in the sale of the newspaper in accordance with his stipulation that the paper be sold following the death of his sons and widow. The terms of the Robertson will also provided that the proceeds derived from the sale of the newspaper were to be invested, and the income realized thereby was to be paid to the Hospital for Sick Children, which had originally been founded as the result of Robertson's efforts.

Last fall, when the *Evening Telegram* was formally offered for sale by tender in the open market, there was much speculation regarding the bidders. It was said that Roy Thomson, already operating seven provincial dailies in Ontario, and associated with Toronto radio station owner Jack Cooke in the publication of *New Liberty* magazine, would extend his newspaper interests to the metropolitan field. Representatives of the Beaverbrook and Kemsley papers in the United Kingdom were known to be casting acquisitive glances in its direction. Syndicates representing various local groups were also mentioned.

The successful tender however was made by George McCullagh, whose purchase offer of \$3,600,000 was accepted by the trustees of the estate. And thus control passed to a man who a decade previously, with the financial support of prominent gold-mining man William H. Wright, had bought Toronto's two morning papers and merged them into the *Globe and Mail*. Mr. McCullagh was quite emphatic in denying reports, originating chiefly with the remaining non-McCullagh daily, the *Toronto Star*, that his latest acquisition had been financed by Mr. Wright. He stated further that the *Tely* would be operated independently in the evening field, and would be distinct from the morning *Globe and Mail*.

On December 1, 1948, McCullagh took over the operation of the *Evening Telegram*. Gradually its character changed both in form and content. By mid-February the transition was complete; and the new *Telegram* made its first official appearance on the newsstands. It is difficult to say which shocked the steady readers of the paper more: the change in editorial policy to advocate the sending of a Canadian ambassador to the Vatican, or the removal on February 21 of the familiar Union Jack from the upper left-hand corner of the front page. When the late afternoon edition appeared that day it was sporting a relic of the days when the *Tely* enjoyed the largest circulation in Toronto, the bright pink cover which gives it a marked resemblance to a jumbo edition of the *Police Gazette*, an impression which is intensified by a glance at the paper's contents.

In an uncharacteristically mild response the *Star* commented editorially the next day—

"At the age of 72 the Lady of Melinda St. has doffed her familiar garb and taken on new habit to create the illusion of youth. The change in color scheme is drastic, and must

be a little startling to her old friends. The ancient orange sash went first. Now the distinctive red, white, and blue head-dress lies with it in discard. And the new tone is, of all things, a blushing pink! . . .

"The Lady, it seems, is changing her old ways along with her old dress. Going to be independent she says . . . ; doesn't have to hew to any 'line'."

"Out of courtesy we'll have to take her word for it, just at the moment. All the same we'll be surprised if her feet stray very far from that old Gold Dust Trail."

The day before, the new publisher had set forth the policy of the new paper. After stating that the members of the staff were working hard to publish the best newspaper in the community within the bounds of honest journalism, the front-page editorial added: "We are not hampered in this effort by having to hew to the Communist line—or any other line. In this we are unique in the Toronto evening field." A plea for readers and increased circulation was ended with the stirring challenge: "This is the best way for you to join the crusade to protect our way of life and improve it. Keep Canada free of subversive influences."

In other public statements, however, the new publisher was more specific in presenting his aims and objectives. In reporting his pep talk to the *Tely* employees on December 1, the *Globe and Mail* quoted him as saying that: "He had come into the evening newspaper field to knock off the *Star*, which had 'done enough to the profession of journalism that we ought to go in and teach it a lesson'."

The *Telegram's* report of the same address gave some insight into the publisher's personal motivations in his reference to the newspaper industry: "There cannot be a more fascinating business in my view. If you are up against a stern challenge of doing some public service, creating public opinion or knocking off your opponent, I think it makes a good game."

The war-born newspaper truce in Toronto is over and an intensive battle for circulation has now begun. The last audited report covers the six-month period ended March 31, 1949, and shows the relative position of the papers in terms of average daily circulation since the last report:

	<i>Daily Star</i>	<i>Telegram</i>	<i>Globe and Mail</i>
March 31, 1949	375,100	200,464	219,265
Sept. 30, 1948	362,193	192,651	218,481
Increase	12,907	7,813	784

In support of the efforts of its circulation department the news and editorial departments of the *Telegram* appear to be attempting to popularize the paper by making it more interesting, entertaining, and (particularly in the case of the financial pages) more informative. This process of popularization involves the sensational treatment of news with attention-getting headlines and vivid illustrations. The continued enlistment of interest is supported by the presentation of regular features, catering to a variety of particular interests. In one Saturday issue of the *Telegram* there were twenty-seven of this type of feature column compared with a dozen in the *Star*. This variety of features permits the paper to present a number of personal opinions and comments of an editorial rather than reportorial nature, at times conflicting with one another and with policies set out on the formal editorial page, which reinforce the paper's appeal to special interest groups. This of course is a characteristic common to the major mass-circulation media of our day.

The general news treatment of the new *Telegram* has been subjected to several noticeable changes. The overall news coverage of the paper seems to have deteriorated. In this respect it has neglected the policy of the *Globe and Mail*

which emphasizes reporting of national and international affairs as supplied by the regular agencies and supplemented by interpretive articles by resident writers employed by the paper or the *New York Times* service. Rather it is imitating the successful *Star* policy of extreme selectivism in international news reporting, augmented from time to time by a series of special feature articles written by well-known local writers assigned to produce the facts-as-I-see-them type of roving reportage.

In the reporting of general local news the most sensational treatment is accorded crimes and accidents. The Saturday morning police report is presented with full details to emphasize Toronto's Black Fridays which will in time come to be a more popular myth than the Toronto Sunday. In recording the details of the alleged crime wave with which the city is plagued considerable attention has been paid to the anti-social behavior of a small section of Toronto's youth. These groups are labelled gangs; their members, gangsters; and their exploits are reported in great detail, no doubt to the personal satisfaction of the otherwise unpublicized participants. However, the *Telegram* having drawn attention to their behavior has also let its readers know that a liberal dose of corporal punishment is the only remedy necessary.

If it may be assumed that the function of the press is to provide an adequate and accurate picture of current events, it would be unfair to single out for criticism the newspaper industry merely because its product is more readily accessible than that of other agencies of mass communication. Therefore in fairness to the new *Telegram* it may be said that, although failing to perform this function, it fails to do so in a much more interesting and entertaining manner than did its predecessor.

The Beginnings of Canadian Labor

Robert J. Alexander

► WHEN THE FRENCH still controlled Canada, in the 18th century, they introduced into this part of the new world the old guild system, the remnants of which still lingered on in the Old Country. However, the first labor organization in the modern sense seems to have been a printers' union which was established in Quebec in 1827. A typographical union was also the first union organized in Toronto, in 1834. Both of these groups were later affiliated with the International Typographical Union. The first unions organized in Montreal and Hamilton in 1833 were composed of printing trades workers also, and carpenters of Montreal were organized in that same year. A tailors' union in Montreal was established in 1844, and many organizations in Toronto date from the same period. By the year 1850 there were unions among stonecutters, coopers, and shipwrights. It appears that certain metalworkers—there is no indication whether or not they were organized—took a prominent part in the insurrection of 1837 which resulted in the first steps towards Canada's attainment of self-government. In Ottawa unions of masons and metal workers date from 1868-9, and apparently were organized almost as soon as the city was established. These Ottawa unions organized a city central labor body in 1873.

As early as 1851 it was reported that in the port of Montreal labor was scarce enough that "the laborers now dictate to the trade in what manner the vessels shall be discharged and loaded and during what hours the work shall be continued. . . . On several occasions of late the captains and

crews of American vessels have been grossly maltreated in addition to having been compelled to pay for the work in the expensive manner insisted on by the laborers." The next year the journeyman tailors of Toronto opposed the introduction of the Singer sewing-machine. In 1854 there was a successful printers' strike in Toronto, and in the same year two British labor organizations established branches in Canada, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

The proximity to the United States, and the ease of migration back and forth across the international frontiers, made it inevitable that there should be close intermingling of the labor movements of Canada and the United States. Within the United States it was the custom of local craft unions to give "travelling cards" to their members, which made it possible for them immediately to become members of similar organizations in cities where they existed. When national unions were founded, these cards were issued by the national organizations and were supposed to be respected by affiliated organizations. It was natural that it should soon be proposed that this "travelling card" privilege be extended to Canada. Such a suggestion was apparently first made in 1854 when the National Typographical Union offered to exchange travelling cards with Canadian printing trades unions. It was a few years before the Toronto printers accepted this proposal. However, by 1865 the constitution of the National Typographical Union was amended to provide for Canadian affiliates and the Saint John and Toronto organizations were soon afterwards incorporated into the Union. In 1869 it became the International Typographical Union.

The National Molders' Union was organized in the United States in 1859, and at that time there were six local unions in the same trade in Canadian cities. Four of these sent delegates to the 1861 convention of the molders' organization, and it took the name Iron Molders' Union of America.

The Knights of St. Crispin was organized among the shoemakers of Milwaukee in 1867, and the organization soon spread into the shoemaking towns of Massachusetts. Soon afterwards the Knights spread into Canada, and gained a large following in the French-Canadian province of Quebec, principally among laborers who had worked seasonally in New England, and had come into contact with the union there.

The International Cigar Makers Union moved into Canada in 1865 when it took in a branch in Montreal, and soon afterwards the International Journeymen Coopers' Association also took in some Canadian affiliates. The railroad workers unions of the United States also moved across the border. One year after its foundation, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers established lodges in Belleville and Hamilton, Ontario. Five years later the firemen had three Canadian affiliates; and the trainmen entered the northern country in 1883. The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors had taken in a Canadian affiliate in 1868.

By 1889 a royal commission which investigated the subject of relations between capital and labor in the Confederation reported that:

"Workingmen's organizations have spread very rapidly of late years and with much apparent good to their members and trade. They have made it possible, in cities where they are strong, for workingmen to maintain their wages at a living rate. Much testimony was given of their influence for good in the discouragement of strikes and in advocating mediation and arbitration for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor. By stimulating their members to aim at a higher standard of proficiency in their callings, they have done much to improve the skill of our artisans. To them is largely due the improved sanitary conditions in factories

and workshops, the shortening of the hours for child and female labor and the separation of the conveniences for the sexes."

Elsewhere this report noted:

"Nothing could be more striking than the contrast furnished between organized districts and others, where as yet principles of trade organization are little known and still less acted upon. And if the progress that has been made towards uniting capital and labor bodies is to be taken as a criterion of the usefulness of such societies, we may well believe that they are destined to be a very important factor in the solution of the labor problem."

Some idea of the conditions which these early unions had to struggle against may be gathered by another passage from this same report. The commissioners noted that:

"The darkest pages in the testimony which follows are those recording the beating and imprisonment of children employed in factories. Your commissioners earnestly hope that these barbarous practices may be removed and such treatment made a penal offence, so that Canadians may no longer rest under the reproach that the lash and the dungeon are accompaniments of manufacturing industry in the Dominion."

With the exception of the province of Quebec, Canada was governed under the British common law, and in this country as in Britain herself and in the United States, the legal position of the trade unions under common law was for many years a subject of dispute. The question was cleared up in 1871, however, when the Conservative government of John A. Macdonald passed an Act legalizing trade unions, and putting them outside the common law prohibition of "conspiracies." The issue had been made acute at this time by the imprisonment of a number of strikers in Ontario as "conspirators."

Meanwhile there were underway moves to unify the budding labor movement. In 1871 the first city assembly of labor unions was established in Toronto and it was soon followed by similar groups in Ottawa and Hamilton. As a result of an attempt by the printers of Toronto in 1872 to reduce the hours of labor in that city from ten to nine, the first call was issued for the establishment of an all-Canadian labor federation. The congress called by the Toronto printers met in 1873 and established the Canadian Labor Union, a name obviously copied from the National Labor Union then existing in the United States. The first congress of the Canadian Labor Union passed resolutions in favor of arbitration in labor disputes, against government-aided immigration, and in favor of a ban on the labor of children under ten years of age. The CLU held two more congresses, the second of which was attended by only fifteen delegates, in 1875. Thereafter the organization seems to have lapsed. This first attempt to establish a national labor federation in Canada fell a victim of the Great Depression of 1873, which wreaked havoc with many trade unions both in Canada and the United States.

In 1880 the International Typographical Union held its annual congress in Toronto, Canada, and for the occasion the Trades Council of Toronto was resurrected. This body took the initiative in calling a new All-Canadian Labor Congress, which was held in 1883, but the organization established at that time was not very active. Finally, the Toronto Trades Council again took the lead in calling a national labor congress in 1886. This time the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress was organized, and it has continued in existence until the present time.

Norman Ware noted that "there is no evidence in Canada of depression strikes and conspiracies seen in the Molly Maguires, the railroad riots of 1877 and the unemployed demonstrations in New York and Chicago." Canada was too

little industrialized to be affected in the same way as was the United States by the depression of 1873. The royal commission of 1889 said much the same thing when it noted that:

"Happily, Canada has not experienced the same disastrous results from trade disputes as have been felt in other lands. Strikes have not been as numerous nor as extensive with us as they have been with other nations working under somewhat similar trade conditions."

However, the Canadian labor picture was not utterly devoid of strikes and violent incidents. This is indicated by the case of the Saint John longshoremen who were organized and had engaged in a number of "strikes and disturbances" before they were successful in getting the employers to sign a collective bargaining contract with them.

The central labor organizations which grew up in the United States in the last quarter of the 19th century had their affiliates and their influence north of the border. The Knights of Labor established their first Canadian assembly in 1881. It reached its greatest strength in Canada in the 1880's and at its height had seven district assemblies, two hundred and fifty local ones in the country, with about 16,000 members. The Knights ran afoul of the Catholic Church, when the Bishop of Quebec outlawed it, but Cardinal Gibbons of Boston was successful in having this ban removed when the organization abolished secrecy, changed its ritual, and President T. V. Powderly made it clear that the Knights were not socialist.

Both Canadian affiliates of the Knights of Labor and locals of the international unions, which were for the most part affiliated with the American Federation of Labor after 1886, belonged to the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress. That Congress took upon itself the organization of "federal unions," to recruit workers either into unions already affiliated with the TLC or into new unions which would be chartered by the Congress. This move, of course, brought the TLC into conflict with the American Federation of Labor, which in the late 1890's also began organizing "federal unions" in Canada.

An agreement was reached between the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada (which name the group had taken in 1895) and the American Federation of Labor in 1902. The Congress expelled all Knights of Labor affiliates as well as all exclusively Canadian unions, and became the Canadian counterpart of the American Federation. To the AFL was reserved the right to charter national and international unions as well as federal labor unions. It was also given the right to settle jurisdictional disputes. The Trades and Labor Congress, on the other hand, kept the right to charter local and provincial federations.

Although a considerably weaker organization than the American Federation of Labor, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada became a more democratic group than the Federation. Principally this was because the Congress was nearer to the local unions, and therefore more subject to the control of the rank and file, since the leadership of the Congress was not—as in the case of the Federation—in the hands of officers of national and international unions.

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In 1903 the membership of the labor movement of Canada was distributed thus:

Province	Total Unions	T. & L.C. Unions	T. & L.C. Members
Ontario	344	176	12,018
Quebec	202	39	6,179
British Columbia	216	58	2,752
Manitoba	63		
N.W. Territory	37	5	534
P.E.I.	14		
Nova Scotia	93	5	400
New Brunswick	56	18	126
Yukon	13		
Total	1538	301	22,099

The American Federation of Labor reported that it had 19,710 Canadian members.

There were certain cities in which the labor movement tended to concentrate. Toronto had the largest number of unions, 129. Montreal had 102 labor organizations, Vancouver 61, Hamilton, 68. Other cities with sizeable numbers of trade unions were Ottawa with 50, Winnipeg with 48, London, Ontario, with 47. The city of Quebec had 42 labor unions, Victoria possessed 34, while there were 32, 31, and 30 respectively in Kingston, Halifax and Saint John.

The groups which were expelled from the Trades and Labor Congress in 1902 immediately formed the National Trades and Labor Congress. It announced its purpose to be to unite all of their organizations in the country in strictly Canadian unions and K of L assemblies and to drive out the Internationals. In 1908 a Canadian group withdrew from the International Typographical Union and joined the National Trades and Labor Congress. In 1910 the organization of the miners of Nova Scotia, the Provincial Workmen's Association, also joined the group. The National Trades and Labor Congress made an attempt to organize unions on industrial lines by grouping its organizations into the shoe and leather department, printing department, and mining section.

The Knights of Labor continued to decline in Canada although they lasted a good deal longer here than in the U.S. In 1908 its affiliates were thrown out of the National Trades and Labor Congress. At the same time this Congress changed its name to Canadian Federation of Labor. It adopted a statement of principles which well stated the position which the more nationalistic unionists have advocated since the labor movement was launched:

"... Canadian workers cannot fail to be impressed with the imperative necessity of protection both in their relationship to capital . . . and in the autocratic domination of trade-unionism and its policy exercised by the present system of internationalism.

"By forming the Canadian Federation of Labor we hereby declare that we fully realize the necessity of the Canadian workers organizing into Canadian national unions . . . to the end that we may influence the various branches of the government in support of all laws opposed to the best interests of the industrial masses.

"We declare it to be in the best interests of Canadian labor to organize along national lines and thus foster the spirit of our Canadian nationality."

During the first decade of the twentieth century there started another labor group which was from then on to be of considerable importance in the general Canadian labor picture. In Quebec City, in 1900, the employers locked out the shoeworkers of the city. The Archbishop of Quebec entered the picture, and proposed a settlement based on the papal encyclicals on social Catholicism. This laid the foundations

for the establishment of Catholic trade unions. They got well under way in 1912, spread over Quebec, and in 1921 were brought together in the National and Catholic Confederation of Labor.

There have been several strictly Canadian unions of considerable importance: for instance, the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, a British union which had been affiliated with the AFL and had its charter revoked by the American Federation in 1912. The United States locals of the Society joined the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. But many of the Canadian locals refused to do so. They reorganized the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters of Canada and joined the Canadian Federation of Labor.

The Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees was organized on the Intercolonial Railway in 1908. The new Canadian Brotherhood organized the workers who did not belong either to the standard operating unions or the AFL shop craft groups. The organization joined the Trades and Labor Congress in 1917 as an international union, with headquarters in Canada. However, the AFL already had the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks affiliated, and it demanded jurisdiction over the workers affiliated with the Canadian Brotherhood. Finally in 1920 the AFL revoked the charter of the Canadian group, and that union became independent. Later it joined to form the All-Canadian Congress of Labor.

The Provincial Workmen's Association was probably the oldest of these independent Canadian unions. It was organized by the coal miners of Nova Scotia in 1879 and it included most of those workers within its ranks for many years. For a few years after 1904 it became very militant, but beginning in 1908 its jurisdiction began to be invaded by the United Mine Workers. Although the Provincial Workmen's Association joined the Canadian Federation of Labor in 1908, it did not receive the support from that organization necessary to allow it to compete with the strong international miners group. In 1917 the Association passed out of existence when it amalgamated with the UMW.

Between 1901 and 1916 there were 1594 strikes in Canada, involving 9,430 employers and 398,391 workers. The workers lost 10,920,539 working days. Between the years 1901 and 1905 there were 123,096 workers who participated in strikes and in the next five years there was a slight increase to 126,179. From 1911 to 1915 there were 127,959 strike participants. During the last period the largest number of walkouts occurred in the building trades, with 128 such strikes involving 26,507 workers and 1,655 firms. There were twenty-nine strikes in the mines with 26,231 workers involved, followed by the clothing trades, where there were fifty-one strikes involving 21,454 workers. More than ten thousand workers were also involved in walkouts in the metal and ship-building industry, the leather trades and among unskilled laborers. It was noted that the mining industry had contributed a constantly increasing share of the country's industrial unrest. The province of Ontario had 43.4% of the walkouts in the third quinquennial of this century, while Quebec had the second largest number, 16.7% of all strikes. The number of walkouts fell very drastically after the outbreak of World War One. From August to December, 1914, there were only 300 workers involved in seven strikes, and in 1915 there were only forty-three walkouts involving 9,140 workers, and only 106,149 days were lost, which was the lowest strike record since the Canadian government had kept statistics on the subject.

Most of the disputes between 1911 and 1915 were due to wages and hours. Seventy per cent of the disputes, 63 per cent of time lost were due to this cause. Three per cent of

the controversies and 20.7 per cent of time lost were due to the union recognition issue. Sympathy strikes accounted for 2.2 per cent of the strikes and 5.2 per cent of the time lost. Thirty per cent of the walkouts in this period were won by the workers, 36 per cent were won by the employers, 17 per cent were compromised, and the rest were of indefinite outcome.

The unrest which affected the labor movements of the continent on the heels of World War One did not miss Canada. The unions grew with some rapidity and there were a number of important work stoppages culminating in the Winnipeg general strike of 1919. This walkout began as a dispute about union recognition in a few machine shops, but before very long had developed into a general sympathetic strike. It was a real trial of strength between the workers and the employers. The latter claimed that the leaders of the walkout had ulterior motives of social revolution and the establishment of a Soviet government.

For some time the strike went along without any serious violence. Many rallies were held, and the speakers included J. S. Woodsworth and Canon Scott, who had been padre of the Canadian First Division in World War One. Strikers put out a daily paper, "Western Labor News," edited at first by F. J. Dixon; then, when he was arrested, by Woodsworth. But the provincial government took no effort to bring about a real solution of the problem. A "citizens' committee" was formed, which devoted itself to a campaign of hysteria. Trouble broke out between special police and workers' processions. The Dominion government then intervened, and the workers' leaders were arrested and charged with "seditious conspiracy." These charges were pressed successfully against most of the strike leaders, and the strike was broken. One of the principal historians of this event has said this about it:

"It remains a landmark in our Canadian social and political history. For the first time we had clearly aligned against each other the two major classes into which modern industrialism has divided our society; and the manner in which the privileged class reacted to the events of that June in Winnipeg left no doubt as to which of the two groups was the more class-conscious or the more determined to fight by fair means or foul for its position. . .

"The Winnipeg strike will long remain a subject of dispute in our modern Canadian history. It was the first definite trial of strength between opposed social forces in our new industrial civilization. It showed how strongly entrenched are the established ruling groups in our society; how bitterly and unscrupulously they will fight for their privileged position; how prone is the government, which supposedly represents all the people, to take the side of the powerful, and how difficult it is for the other side to get its case before public opinion at all."

Sub-Arctic Seasoning

John Nicol

VII

► IT MUST SEEM slightly unreasonable to manufacturers of hunting-gear and accessories that the Eskimos can hunt polar bear successfully with no more potent weapon than a .22-calibre rifle—more than likely one that is pitted with rust and has sights askew: but the dogs assist and that makes all the difference. When a bear is found, the huskies are loosed and attack with all the viciousness stored in their unintelligent heads: they encircle the quarry snarling and snapping in the urge to kill. With the bear rearing up and clubbing them away with claw-hooks like razors, the dog that leaps and misses his grip is disembowelled in a sweep; but

others are nipping the bear behind, worrying his heels, and, as he turns to counter the dogs snap again. The hunter only has to stand waiting the moment for a shoulder presentation, where a shot will turn the trick: at least, so we are told.

Occasionally the bear will have his innings and from that turn-about results a crop of stories; probably these are peculiar to the Eastern Arctic only in names of persons and places, with the same or similar incidents being truthfully related elsewhere with minor variations only in heroes, time, and climate — however, we need a mythology on this frontier too. The manager of our Hudson's Bay Company post tells of leaving the house for a brisk outing; the partner he left behind was older, very deaf, and habitually barred the door to keep it shut tight against the wind. When our friend out walking met a polar bear snuffing against the blubber-shack, he turned and fled for shelter — but the door was closed and the interested bear in hot pursuit. Then ensued a churning succession of quick sprints round and round the house, shouting at the top of what voice remained to him, thumping against the door on every turn, but unable to get in. When his partner did notice the unusual repetition of thuds and pounding feet, the bear was shot out of hand for his temerity. The winner in this quarter-mile handicap claimed the pelt with pleasure and now walks all over it whenever the mood and embittered memory strike him.

Natives have been caught in the open without their rifle under similar circumstances. Since running is futile where no prospect of cover exists, some have been saved by slicing a depression in the snow and cramping their bodies into it, face upwards; then with one arm shielding their heads and a knife in the other hand, they can put up some defence by jabbing at the bear's muzzle as he leans to bite. Unfortunately, we are not able to quote chapter and verse in proof of such a story; but these stocky little Eskimoes could do it if anyone were able and so it is accepted pending possible qualified rebuttal.

Still another story deals with natives who have inadvertently tumbled into the snow-bank inhabited by a female bear and cub during the deep winter. Their den drifts over until only a small air-hole leaking through the crust on top is evidence of occupancy. At times a hunter has lightened his life considerably by slipping through this crust while intent upon other matters. If the animals do not rouse quickly, he has time to despatch the adult and capture the offspring. Should they be blinking awake and making ready for Spring opening when he arrives, then the ensuing moments are no doubt brisk indeed.

These yarns are presented in the third-person — without regret — for we have seen a bear. He was captured as a cub last spring, not in the dramatic fashion outlined above, but more prosaically on the ice of the Bay. Then, sometime in July, he was shipped out by plane to the zoo in a western city. A heavy-set youngster of indescribable odor and a nervous inclination to bang his weight about against the sides of his crate, he held no charms for the crew responsible for his passage. Much irrelevant advice was squandered upon those involved, sitting down into a category loosely labelled "Proposed Immediate Action by Somebody Else for a Bear Making Free with his Keepers at Five Thousand Feet." It cannot be reported though that the crew appreciated our efforts—and a situation like that would have added such a novel twist to their later tales in the wet-canteen of perils in polar flying.

"Poof!" says the padre, "those boys should have the dogs to go . . ." (his English occasionally falters). He is the only non-native owning and using huskies for transportation and the consequent trials of strength with them have taught him an amiable disregard for human caution. He owns four

or five dogs, feeds them oftener than the Eskimoes think necessary, and beats them as required with no show of meaning it. However he is wary of their energies and goes about his work with them systematically. His "take-off" is illustrative. First, the sleigh is pulled clear of all obstacles, pointed in the general direction of his destination, and secured firmly to the nearest building by a long rope. Then the dogs are dragged protesting from the stakes to which they have been tethered and hitched-up; at this their previous reluctance vanishes and an astonishing display of "let's be up and at 'em" acrobatics results that bounces the clumsy sled about and greatly tries the anchor-line. This safety-device now gives the padre time to settle himself and his traps, tuck his beard into his coat, grip the whip, take a deep breath and resolutely slip the knot that holds his howling leaping team to earth: the dogs plunge forward, their driver jerks back, out flips his beard, and they are off. Disappearing over the first dip in the snow, the padre has recovered sufficiently to wave cheerfully to a wildly appreciative gallery . . . at which point, barely a hundred yards away, the team recovers, regains its composure, and crawls the remaining miles on their bellies, secure in their master's charity.

O CANADA

That which is really disturbing us is the fact that the young females who urge their boy-friends on with cries of "Kick him in the slats!" are now wearing the same kind of freshly laundered dresses as our own daughters, and perhaps even speaking with the same accent. But if we are going to have economic equalization what else can we expect? (Saturday Night).

Finance Minister Anscomb, the head of the Progressive Conservative bloc in the House said: "I am delighted at the final result. It is a very definite rejection of socialism and communism . . . the people of British Columbia are British still." (Saskatoon Star-Phoenix).

Now I have come to Canada. Why? If you want the real reason it is this. Australia has a Labor government. England has a Socialist government. In both those countries the day of a future for a young man who uses his ability and works hard to improve his financial status and his way of life has gone. No longer is there inducement for a man to work his way from office boy to chairman of directors. (Tim Hewat in The Globe and Mail).

"Let's put the animals in the country and the workman in the zoo," urged Charles Henry (Rosedale) asking that Riverdale zoo be used as a housing estate for workers.

"Why should we force workmen to go and live outside the city?" he asked. "That's socialism." (Toronto Star).

The Scottish pastor figured there were four big problems facing youth, their vocations, what to do with their spare time, dancing and sex. He advised dancing kept decent, sex kept sanctified, Sunday kept holy and work kept honorable. . .

Confessing he hated swing, and was bored by the moony couples on the dance floor, Mr. Docherty said he held dances at his church each Saturday night to keep the youngsters out of trouble. Afterwards he would force them into a wee bit of prayer. . .

Deploping the loose attitude toward sex, Mr. Docherty said he was horrified by the Kinsey report, and was waiting with trepidation for Kinsey's report on Great Britain. (Globe and Mail).

Let us follow the advice of Woodrow Wilson and leave alone that which is being well done, administering only to that which is ill. Let us show an appreciation for the wisdom of our own forefathers, and perfect the system they founded and passed on to us as our heritage rather than consider, even for a moment, the untried theories of reactionaries.

(Advertisement of insurance company in Winnipeg Free Press).

\$695 buys a '39 Dodge coach. This thing looks like it was driven by a sheep herder or used for road grading purposes in Algonquin Park. Runs like a cement mixer. But if you or your friends work in the factory and have taking ways, this is a golden opportunity. Cash, trade or painless payments.

(Classified advertisement, Globe and Mail).

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to Mrs. G. R. Kendall, Moncton, N.B. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Fundamental Education

Bernard Ikeler

► TWO YOUNG CITIZENS of Mexico City eyed each other across clenched fists. "What you need is a punch in the nose," the larger boy growled.

"What you need," his foe retorted, "is Fundamental Education."

Throughout Latin America "Educacion Basica" has become a catch phrase. The reason: Fundamental Education programs, either at the planning or at the action stage, are under way in fifteen Latin American states. Millions of people, adults as well as children, are learning to read.

Nor are Latin Americans alone in their march toward total literacy. People in every retarded country in the world, with the exception of Tibet, are joining them. Within a generation, 200,000,000 adults in backward quarters of the globe, will be literate.

UNESCO—since the hour of its founding—has given Fundamental Education top priority. Wherever Fundamental Education programs have reached the action stage, they have won wide participation, prime ingredient of mass enthusiasm. In Mexico, for example, nine million volunteer teachers—including the President—signed up for a campaign that will have most of the nation reading within the year. In Africa, white plantation-managers teach black employees. In the Near East, Moslems teach Christians. In Asia, intellectuals teach peasants.

Can a global attack on ignorance come off successfully? Can any human effort—requiring so much skill, study experiment, adaptation, and prolonged effort—reach its object? The answer is: yes—perhaps. Missionaries, humanitarians and patriots have been teaching illiterates since the early 1920's. As a result, they have expert knowledge on all basic questions of method and policy:

1. *Who will be given Fundamental Education?* All illiterates, both children and adults. Authorities agree that the whole community must be taught. Experience shows that a literate child in an illiterate family is a misfit who either leaves home or loses his ability to read. Consequently, everyone must be made literate.

2. *How will illiterates be taught?* The Laubach method, one of the best, suggests the answer. Dr. Frank C. Laubach, missionary and literacy expert, has been instrumental in the teaching of millions. He uses simplified phonetics, picture-word-syllable charts and flash cards.

The chart which he developed twenty years ago for the Moros of the southern Philippines, lacks pictures and other improvements added later; otherwise, it offers a good example of the Laubach method. The chart shows three words in wide use among the Moros—

ma - la - ba - nga
ka - ra - ta - sa
pa - ga - na - da

The teacher points out the syllables while the pupil pronounces the words. Thus the pupil learns to associate sounds with letters. Since the alphabet used is completely phonetic, new words cause little trouble when introduced in later steps. The average Moro learns to read simple sentences in less than an hour.

Incidentally, Laubach believes that illiterates should be taught to read their own language first. Literacy in languages that unlock advanced cultures—English, Spanish, French—can be learned with increased efficiency later.

Laubach's flash cards, developed recently, are adaptations of his charts. A flash card shows a picture on one side, a corresponding word and syllable on the other. Like charts,

flash cards aid in picture-word-syllable association. Pupils who have mastered a chart then use flash cards for study at home.

Dr. I. A. Richards of Harvard urges the use of motion pictures in teaching illiterates. As a result of his work with beginning and retarded readers, Dr. Richards has developed movies that illustrate short sentences phrased in easy words and built on simple patterns.

"I have used these films with as many as seven hundred students at once. . .," he says. "These were men of the Chinese Navy at the U.S. Naval Training Center, Miami . . . I have no question that mass teaching by such films to groups of some thousands at once is feasible. Road shows and open-air screenings are entirely possible."

3. *What will illiterates be taught?* Mere ability to read, experts agree, is of no value—may well be dangerous—unless it leads to economic, social, and ethical advance.

Where new-literates find no outlet for their awakened powers, they may become frustrated, maladjusted or lapse once more into illiteracy. Only where ability to read helps new-literates improve their farms, their shops, their communities, are they actually better off for being literate. Fundamental Education must bestow the *tools* of learning, plus the *books* of learning—easy-to-read literature on agriculture, industry, health, family relationships, government, sciences, art.

4. *Who will teach?* The story of James Yen, Chinese aristocrat and scholar, provides the answer. Soon after World War I, Dr. Yen persuaded scores of China's leading educators, scientists, agricultural experts, dramatists, and artists to organize a literacy program in poor and backward Hunan Province.

Living in mud villages and on dying farms, they struck out to demonstrate a spectacular improvement in the economy, health, education, government, and happiness of the province.

They painted posters; they printed handbills. They persuaded the government to levy a tax against every citizen who did not know the basic thousand Chinese symbols. They organized parades; they held mass meetings.

From the government and from mission schools, they recruited 80 teachers, who went into the roads, shops, and homes of Hunan. Peddlers, pig buyers, farmers, fuel gatherers, beggars—1,400 people—volunteered to learn. In 60 places, classes were opened.

"Today . . ." Dr. Alfred D. Moore says, "47,000,000 new Chinese literates are earning a better living than ever before, not by getting ahead of each other, but by scientific farming and practical medicine, by co-operative marketing, and by credit unions that foil the loan sharks."

James Yen predicts that in ten years, almost all of China's 450,000,000 million people will be literate.

5. *Who will direct and finance Fundamental Education?* Authorities urge that national governments take responsibility for Fundamental Education programs in their initial stage. However, at the first possible moment, local governments must shoulder the task of determining needs, stimulating enthusiasm, and providing money. Effective education can come only through direct action on the part of those who are being educated.

Again, because wide participation is essential, government leaders must at every step enlist the aid of voluntary organizations. Help must be had both from outside groups—missions, for example—and from inside groups—civic improvement clubs, labor organizations, business concerns.

How community co-operation can be won and used, is illustrated by the Fundamental Education program organized recently in Ecuador. One Ecuador printer provided literacy primers; his rival contributed literacy stamps (stamps

similar to those used by the American Red Cross). A bakery wrapped a literacy pamphlet with every loaf of bread; newspapers printed special sections for new-literates; movie houses ran literacy films.

The expense of Fundamental Education, properly shared, is not prohibitive. In Ecuador during 1946, 120,000 people were taught to read at a cost of \$1.60 per person. The same year, one million in Mexico were taught at a cost of \$1.60 to \$1.80 per person. Such figures are possible, however, only where volunteer teachers enlist.

The job of finding, testing, and disseminating Fundamental Education techniques has been undertaken by UNESCO. First fruits of the task, a survey of expert knowledge on the problem, has been published (*Fundamental Education: Common Ground for All Peoples*, Macmillan, New York, 1947).

In addition, UNESCO has set up pilot projects in limited areas of China, East Africa, Haiti, and Peru. UNESCO experts operating pilot projects will test new teaching techniques, text-books, visual and oral aids, and will use education to raise social, economic, and health levels. Similar "associated" projects are in prospect for other Latin American and Asiatic countries.

Data obtained by UNESCO experts will be made available to backward nations across the world through UNESCO's Technical Information Service. UNESCO consultants will go to all nations that want help in establishing Fundamental Education programs.

Unhappily, pilot projects are not progressing with the speed UNESCO leaders had hoped for. The project in China, centred in Nanking, has been delayed by war. Lack of money has slowed work in Haiti. In East Africa, illness among a small personnel has held back operations.

If hope of Fundamental Education fails—if war interrupts, if money is not found, if more men who can lead are not forthcoming—three-fifths of mankind will continue to live in the squalor and misery of ignorance. The remaining two-fifths will be plagued by the necessity of squashing revolt or arbitrating civil war.

A small city in Venezuela owns a police truck. The scream of the truck's siren once meant that political rebels were being carted off to prison and torture. Today, the truck, its siren as nerve-shattering as ever, delivers literacy charts and primers.

Multiplied around the earth in millions of villages and towns, such enterprises can raze old walls and lay new foundations.

The One Hundred Authors of Sherlock Holmes

Edith Fowke

► ONE DAY WHEN TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Ellery Queen was ill in bed, his aunt gave him a book. It was *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. As he wrote several years later, "I started on the first page of 'A Scandal in Bohemia' and truly, the game was afoot. The unbearable pain in my ear—vanished! The abyss of melancholy into which only a twelve-year-old boy can sink—forgotten!"

He finished the book that night, and the next morning he dashed down to the library, with a wad of cotton still in his ear. After cajoling the librarian into giving him a card and telling him where he could find "books by a man named Doyle," he rushed to the stacks. "My first reaction was one of horrible and devastating disappointment," he writes. "Yes, there were books by Doyle on the shelves—but so few

of them! I had expected a whole libraryful—rows and rows of Sherlock, all waiting patiently for my 'coming of age.'"

Ellery Queen was not alone in his disappointment. Millions of other eager Holmes addicts have read and re-read the few slim volumes by Conan Doyle and have lamented bitterly that there were no more. But their grief was unnecessary. Conan Doyle is dead—but Sherlock Holmes lives on.

Doyle died on July 7, 1930. Yet the February, 1947, issue of *The Strand*, London, carried a new Sherlock Holmes story: "The Adventure of the First Class Carriage." It opens with the faithful Mrs. Hudson showing up a new client, a Mrs. Hennessey, and follows the Great Detective as he unravels the strange case of the man who didn't kill himself. The style and the atmosphere are so much the same that one might suspect that Doyle, devoted believer in spiritualism that he was, had transmitted the story from the spirit world. However, it was written, not by Doyle's ghost, but by a Roman Catholic priest, Monsignor Ronald Knox.

There is nothing unique in this. Knox is not the first nor will he be the last to recreate Sherlock Holmes. There are literally scores of authors who have turned out one or more stories featuring the master detective. Some of them are well-known mystery-story writers in their own right, such as Anthony Berkeley, Agatha Christie, Stuart Palmer, and Anthony Boucher. But the list includes also such famous literary figures as Sir James Barrie, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and O. Henry, whose connection with the world of the whodunits seems somewhat remote.

Even while Doyle lived he could not satisfy the voracious appetites of the Holmes idolaters. In fact, he was so hounded by avid fans that he killed Holmes off in 1893, in a last desperate effort to get some peace. But even that did not work. As Hesketh Pearson puts it in his biography of Conan Doyle, "Readers implored him, editors cajoled him, agents worried him, publishers tried to bribe him, some people even threatened him." Finally, his resistance worn down, he resurrected Holmes in 1903, and the saga continued until April, 1927, when Doyle's sixtieth and final adventure of Sherlock appeared in *The Strand*.

But the sixty Doyle stories were by no means enough for Holmes's insatiable fans. They were pierced to the heart by Watson's casual references to the "travel-worn and battered tin dispatch-box" in the vaults of Cox and Co. at Charing Cross. They couldn't bear the thought that they would never see the documents of the unrecorded cases which were locked in it. To assuage their grief and to express their own adulation of the Great Man, other writers began to insert additional chapters in the Holmes saga.

Nor did the other authors of Sherlock Holmes wait until the original creator was dead before taking over his character. The first of the non-Doyle stories appeared in 1892, less than a year after the first Sherlock Holmes short story was published in *The Strand*. In "The Great Pegram Mystery" by Robert Barr, Holmes appeared under the alias of Sherlaw Kombis, while Watson was thinly disguised as Whatson.

Two years later Holmes had crossed the Atlantic to appear in the American humor magazine *Puck*. This tale had the typically Holmesian title of "The Sign of the 400" and was written by R. J. Munkittrick.

Another early American story, "The Stranger Unravels a Mystery" by John Kendrick Bangs, appeared in New York in 1897. As this was during the period when Holmes was officially dead, it relates one of his adventures in Hades. Putting his typical deductive methods to work, Holmes helps the Associated Shades, Limited, to track down their houseboat which Captain Kidd had stolen from its moorings on the River Styx.

Among the most delightful apocryphal adventures of Sherlock are those by Maurice Leblanc, the creator of Arsène Lupin, in which he matches his master crook against the world's greatest detective. The epic duel began in 1907 with the tale, "Holmlock Shears Arrives Too Late," and was continued in two novels, "Arsène Lupin vs. Holmlock Shears," and "The Hollow Needle." Incidentally, Leblanc pays Holmes a high tribute: although Arsène always made asses of all the French sleuths who crossed his path, he never achieved more than a draw against Holmlock Shears.

We should not be surprised, either, to learn that Sherlock Holmes had been called in to solve the most famous of unsolved literary mysteries: Charles Dickens' *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. In fact he has solved it not once but three times: in stories by Andrew Lang in 1905, by Edmund Pearson in 1914, and by Harry B. Smith in 1924.

While Holmes appears in the Dickens' story only at long range, he appears in a Mark Twain story at first hand. In "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story" Twain brings the Great Man into a western mining camp. Unfortunately there he does not show to his usual advantage. Not only does he fail to solve the mystery, but he nearly gets himself lynched by a gang of roughnecks completely lacking in the awe which his name was wont to inspire.

The authors of Sherlock Holmes are by no means confined to the English-speaking world. A French soldier, Jules Castier, amused himself in a German prison camp during World War I by creating the story of "The Footprints on the Ceiling."

Chinese detective story writers, too, have made Holmes their own. In their tales he is called Fu-oh-mo-hsi, and is a great popular hero who wars against fox-women, tiger-men, and supernatural horrors.

In Barcelona, Spanish pulp-writers have seized upon the legend and created numerous counterfeits of Sherlock Ol-nes which have spread throughout the Spanish-language countries of the world.

While many of the authors have presented the Great Man under his own sacred name, others have decorated him with such colorful variations as Picklock Holes, Hemlock Hones, Herlock Sholmes, and Shamrock Jolnes. And poor Watson has had to endure the names of Whatson, Potson, Whatsoname, and Whatsup.

Some of the authors, taking pity on the Great Man's lonely state, have endowed him with a wife and children. In "The End of Sherlock Holmes," the anonymous A.E.P. has produced perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of Holmes' retirement. He pictures Holmes as the father of a three-year-old son. The son is a child prodigy who has inherited all his father's gifts—and, as the father of any merely ordinary youngster will be able to appreciate, this situation creates problems. When the sympathetic Watson tries to console the distraught parent by saying, "Surely it is not so bad as that; he is only a baby..." Holmes outlines his plight thus:

"He contrives to do a good deal in his way. He told the Dean's wife her husband had been married before, and that her diamonds were not real. He took the opportunity of announcing at an At Home that Sir Ronald's grandfather was a tailor in Stepney, that he made his money in patent pills, and that he was afraid of his valet. He took an impression in wax of the vicar's thumb and subsequently told him that his sermons were not his own, that he had some money on Daystar at the St. Leger, that his niece was a seamstress, and that his brother-in-law was doing time for forgery. He tracked the area policeman for over three weeks to find out where he went when he was off duty—and he told the tax collector that his back teeth were false."

The story ends with this lament of the weary father:

"I who have baffled Moriarty, I who have had a hand in unravelling most of the mysteries that have perplexed Europe, with knowledge enough of the seamy side of courts and the back door of politics to bring about a European war—I am now compelled to turn all my energies to circumventing my own son; and, Watson, it is killing me."

Two other authors, Frederic Arnold Kummer and Basil Mitchell, have given Holmes a grown-up daughter, Shirley Holmes, who likewise takes after her father. The results in her case are not so devastating, however—she has become a sleuth in her own right, and her stories are recorded by Joan Watson, the daughter of Dr. John Watson.

Another tale of a Holmes offspring is written by John Kendrick Bangs. This son of Holmes is also the grandson of A. J. Ratliff, and is called—you've guessed it!—Ratliff Holmes.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., still another Holmes offspring, was the hero of a comic-strip series that appeared in the Sunday supplements of many American newspapers between 1911 and 1914. The author? Sidney Smith, creator of "The Gumps."

The most famous of the modern Holmes stories are two in which the Great Name is not even mentioned. In H. F. Heard's *A Taste for Honey and Reply Paid*, the detective, an old bee-keeper, is named Mr. Mycroft. However, this disguise completely failed to deceive the Holmes hounds: they knew in a moment that Mr. Mycroft was the One and Only, living in retirement.

Unlike most of the other detective-story writers who have contributed to the Holmes apocrypha, Mr. Heard first won fame in the woodunit field with his Mr. Mycroft tales. More recently he has branched out to create a new character: "President of the United States, Detective," which won first prize in *The Every Queen Mystery Magazine* short-story contest for 1946.

One of the last adventures of Mr. Sherlock Holmes was recorded in *Argosy Magazine* in August, 1941. In "The Man Who Was Not Dead," Manley Wade Wellman tells how England was saved by the insight of an old gentleman who trapped a gang of Nazi spies who had parachuted into England. They had the misfortune to call at the house where old Mr. Holmes was living in retirement.

Mr. Holmes was then a very old man, and the faithful may fear that his death cannot be long delayed. They need not worry, however, for even that unhappy event will not bring to an end the creation of new Sherlock Holmes adventures. Even in Heaven his great detective talents will come in useful, as Dr. Logan Clendenning has shown in "The Case of the Missing Patriarchs." On his arrival in Heaven, Holmes was immediately called into consultation by Jehovah. Said God: "Mr. Holmes, we too have our problems. Adam and Eve are missing. Have been, 's a matter of fact, for nearly two aeons. They used to be quite an attraction to visitors and we would like to commission you to discover them."

A difficult problem, even for Sherlock? Not at all. For a time he watched the heavenly hosts passing in the street, then suddenly dashed out, seized a patriarch and his mate, and brought them to the Divine Presence. How did he find them?

"Elementary, my dear God," said Sherlock Holmes. "They have no navels."

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 47, August, 1924, *The Canadian Forum*.

In the cruel world of politics, virtue is rarely its own reward. Mr. Meighen made in favour of Church Union what was admittedly his best speech of the session, but I hear that his mailbag for the next week was crammed with virtu-

perative missiles from irate Presbyterian Tories who denounced him for his treachery to the church of his fathers, and renounced all allegiance to him. A fortnight ago, Mr. Bureau fathered a bill to establish a special Taxation Board in connection with the Department of Customs and Excise, and he had almost persuaded the suspicious Progressives that it was a beneficent innovation, when up arose Mr. Herbert Marler (who is cast by the Montreal *Star* for the role of Canadian Mussolini) to give it his blessing, chiefly as an agency through which august captains of finance and industry could easily impress their views on taxation upon the Government. Mr. Marler has many virtues, but a series of homilies upon the merits of our banking system and kindred institutions, and lectures upon rural perversity, have lost him the affections of the Progressives. What Mr. Marler liked so well could do honest farmers no good, and, headed by Mr. Forke, they were soon off in full cry against the Taxation Board. Every sentence Mr. Marler uttered had plunged the author of the bill in deeper gloom, and at last he withdrew it in despair to await a better day when Mr. Marler might be induced to curse it. (From "On Parliament Hill" by a Political Correspondent).

True Beauty

George Johnston

SHORT STORY

► BRISTOW, ONE EVENING when he was over for beer, picked up a magazine and after a while he whistled at a nylon stocking ad he saw in it.

"Now that's what I call a pair of legs!" he said.

It happened that I knew who the legs belonged to, so I told him about her and he was interested, very interested indeed. "A nice girl," I said, "with quite a nice face and a pleasant personality." But then I thought I had better tell him the whole story, so I did. Bristow was fascinated, as I knew he was bound to be.

It was about a beauty contest. "We decided to have one last summer," I said; "the Bleeker St. Business Men's Association had it at our annual picnic at the race track. There'd been agitation for one for years but old Sam Lurbecker was so against it that nobody could get it past him. We had to wait at last until he died, which he did a year ago last winter. Having waited so long we reckoned we'd make a good thing of it. We offered a first prize of a thousand dollars and a plane trip to New York."

"That's an awful lot of money!" said Bristow, considerably surprised.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "it got so big because it came to be a bet. At first it was only going to be the honour and a trip to New York; then people began speculating about who was going to win. The field soon narrowed down to two: Dr. Slide's nurse and the head waitress at Rogier's. Doc Slide reckoned his nurse, Sally McBride, was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; he said she was a madonna, a jewel, absolutely perfect. She was a brown-eyed blonde and a slow talker, a sort of rich, deliberate beauty and as sure of herself as a queen. Still, a lot of people favoured Rogier's little girl, and old Rogier himself was goofy about her. She was a heady little Greek whose name had been anglicized to Helen Collins; she was black-haired and purple-eyed and fierce. They were as different as could be but either of them would make your head swim to look at her."

It was plain that the idea of so much beauty interested Bristow. He's quite a ladies' man. He was eager to know where they might be seen.

"Ah," I said. "You may see Helen at Rogier's any time you like. Sally McBride went away, and a lucky thing for

Doc Slide that she did; but that's another story, as they say. I'll tell you what we'll do, however: we'll go over to Rev. Joad's place and see the pictures. He's got the official photographs. He's not a parson, you know, but he used to be before he went into the hardware business."

We got on our hats and coats and put a bottle of beer in each pocket; then on the way over I carried on with the story. "Doc Slide," I went on, "fancies his taste in women. He takes it for granted that his judgments on beauty are final, and assumes that he was born with absolute taste, as it were. He couldn't understand why old Rogier opposed him; he could only conclude that it was blindness or stupid perversity in old Rogier. As a matter of fact, I think old Rogier was motivated by loyalty as much as anything. However, the two of them were egged on by the other committee members until they bet five hundred bucks apiece on it. Nobody doubted that one of the two girls would win, so the bet was easily turned into prize money. And having invested so much in the contest, Doc Slide and Rogier reckoned they'd each have to be judges. Doc Slide, as the authority on feminine beauty, would have had to be one anyhow. Well, that was settled. Now the problem was finding a third man to do the real judging. Since the other two couldn't in the nature of things come to an agreement, the third man—though no one said so openly—would have to make the decision. This was a terrible problem. Finally we settled on the Rev. Joad because he was the only fair-minded man who would consider the job. He said he didn't know much about beauty but he would study up on it. Best of all, he said he didn't mind making a few enemies. 'Enemies,' he said, 'are the friends of the soul.' He is a remarkable man, you know. It was a remarkable thing he'd undertaken, because it's all very well to take sides, but to have to choose impartially between two such beauties—I tell you, none of us wanted to do it. However, it was settled: a majority vote of two was to decide the contest. Rogier was agreeable because he's an impulsive bloke anyhow, and I guess he had an impulse to be agreeable just then; and Doc Slide was agreeable because the Rev. Joad had promised to study the subject, and Doc Slide knew that any man who put any thought on it at all would be bound to agree with him.

"By gosh," I said, "you know that was something to get settled!"

"I bet it was!" Bristow said. He is a most obliging listener, especially when feminine beauty is the subject. I could see the Edwardian glitter in his eye.

"We got out posters," I said, "and asked for entries. Each entry was to be accompanied by a photograph of the entrant in a bathing suit. It was pathetic to see them come in. About eighteen applied altogether, all nice girls, all more or less beautiful. Doc Slide was pleased to have them; to his way of thinking they were a setting for the triumph of his Sally, and old Rogier imitated Doc Slide and said he felt the same way. But to me it seemed all wrong; everybody knew the contest was between Sally and Helen; even old Joad seemed to take that for granted. But I knew most of these girls; they were nice girls, well brought up, honest. They wouldn't put it over on anyone, and it didn't seem fair to put it over on them.

"Well, in the midst of all this, everyone in a flat spin getting ready for the picnic, in came a shocker of an entry. It was from Miss Right, the science teacher at the High School. It had her picture too, in a hell of a white bathing suit. Everybody was scandalized and in a way, I think, rightly too. Not that our beauty contest wasn't respectable; as a matter of fact it was almost stuffy; all the entrants were as respectable as could be. But for a school-teacher to enter, and especially a science teacher who's supposed to teach kids what's what, you know! Well, it seemed all out of

proportion. Besides, nobody had ever thought she was beautiful."

By this time we had come to the Rev. Joad's house. I could see him through the window in his workshop stuffing an owl—his hobby is taxidermy—so we gave a holler at the door and walked in. I always call the Rev. Joad Bill, his first name.

"This is Bristow, Bill," I said. "He's an old pal of mine from across town. We've brought some beer."

"My!" said Bill. "That's nice!"

"I was telling him about Miss Right," I said, "and the beauty contest. He's interested in beauty. We'd just got to where Miss Right put in her entry. You haven't got the picture, have you?"

I knew he had it, but he likes to be asked, like anybody else. It makes him feel important. He brought out his beauty contest file and there it was, right near the top.

"That's some bathing suit!" Bristow said. He picked it up and had an exceptionally good look at it.

"Boy oh boy!" Bill said. "Did we have trouble about that! I don't think Rogier cared, but Slide was in a state. First of all, he said she oughtn't to enter as a teacher, and that was something that bothered everybody. Even if she'd been an English teacher or a Latin teacher or something like that it might have been a little different, but a science teacher! A science teacher is after all a sort of moral guardian. Dear me, we had meetings and all sorts of sociable searchings of conscience; but I must say, for my part, that I couldn't see any law against it, nothing that she couldn't settle with herself. And in the end neither could anybody else, so we let it pass. Then the good Doctor was desperate and he had to bring out his real reason, which was that she was homely. He said she would turn the contest into a farce. Well now, that was a serious charge, because it's obviously not right to accept an entry for a beauty contest if the entrant is homely; otherwise, why ask for the photographs? Just the same, I don't know quite how the Doctor sold us the idea of her homeliness. Can you see it now, really, after looking at that picture? I suppose we'd always thought of her as homely and let it go at that, but you know, whatever may be your first impression of the picture she . . . well she fills the bathing suit all right, doesn't she?"

"Sure she does!" Bristow said. He had picked up the file and was leafing through the pictures, stopping now and again to enjoy an especially good one.

"Well now," said Bill, looking back on an occasion that he always recalls with pleasure, "Miss Right got wind of all this discussion and it made her hopping mad. She came around to see me in a most unreasonable frame of mind, and I must say her excitement did something to enhance her beauty, in my eyes at any rate. She told me she knew she was beautiful and she could prove it. There was something gratifying about all this confidence, and I decided to push her case, but the best I could get out of the Doctor was an agreement to refer the decision to the ladies most concerned, i.e., Sally McBride and Helen Collins. I suppose he thought they would be sure to turn it down. But you know, ladies are unpredictable, especially over questions that concern their own beauty: they use their beauty sometimes in a disinterested and irresponsible way, as though it was a bubble they were playing with; and sometimes they use it to provoke a man, more often I think than to attract him; and then at other times they fold up shyly and look demure, and pretend that there is no such thing as beauty, or if there is it has nothing to do with them."

Bill must have been quite a preacher in his day. Even now the pulpit manner gets him once in a while, and he spins some wonderful stuff out of nothing at all. Where he got this about beauty, God knows; but I suppose the feel of the bottle

in his hand started him off. He looks splendid when he gets going, too: his eyes half shut, his mouth works around the words and makes the most of them, his left hand reaches across his tummy and rubs it a little and the top of his head glistens; nobody can resist him. However, he never allows it to interrupt a story for long. He remembers at the very top of one of his flights and comes gently back down to earth, opening his eyes slowly as he does so.

"I don't know what the explanation was in this case," he said, "but the ladies decided in favour of Miss Right. 'What's one beauty contest, more or less?' they said. 'Why shouldn't she come in? She's just the same as the rest of us.' Then they proceeded to treat the question as a joke. We didn't like that, but I guess we asked for it. But you know, I'd taken a fancy to Miss Right, and I couldn't help remembering how bright she had looked when she was unreasonable."

"Well, what a day for the contest! Do you remember it, George?" he asked me.

"Do I ever!" I said. "I was on the platform until lunch, soaking wet!"

"Man dear," said Bill, "you should have seen it! It rained all morning. Then at noon it cleared up and it was as bright and fresh as clean linen. How beautiful it was! The contest went marvellously; the nice clear air made the girls look like new flowers in their bathing suits, all walking across the platform as sweet as could be. Nobody sweat, nobody got cross. I must say I'd been nervous about it in a sort of a way at first, never having been associated with such a thing before, but when the contest actually got going I was delighted. I felt wonderful and entered right into it, and so did everybody else. Poor Miss Right paraded with all the rest of them, and you know, she looked nice and she walked well. I was pleased with her. But then we got down to the business of judging."

"At first it went smoothly and decorously, just as it should have done. Everyone was properly serious, even Rogier. He's an impulsive fellow, you know, but he behaved admirably, as though there was all the time in the world. It was just a question of slowly eliminating everyone until we got down to Sally and Helen, and we did this by consulting one another when a girl went by and each making notes on her proportions, the brightness of her eye, her deportment, etc. I tended to emphasize deportment but I noticed that Rogier was more interested in the shine of the hair and the daintiness of the hands and feet. In any case we noted everyone so that we should have plenty of documentation to support our judgment when it came. I believe in being well fortified with documents, especially in a matter of such delicacy; and we didn't want to be cluttered by other problems when we came to the big problem of the day, which was judging between Sally and Helen. That was going to take all our mental energy and tact. I suppose the Doctor felt serene about it but Rogier and I didn't, and we were making sure of all our moves; and as the elimination narrowed further and further down we correspondingly narrowed and lengthened our faces until we were as solemn as owls. And, inexorable as time itself, the great decision approached. It was becoming plain to everyone that the contest was between two girls, and the tension grew."

"All at once it snapped!"

Bristow had put down the file and stopped looking at the pictures and I could see that his attention was, as it were, rivetted. I wondered if he guessed at all what was coming, for he looked as though he was expecting something important. In any case I was glad we had come over because Bill, I knew, could handle this part of the story far better than I ever could. He looked at Bristow to see how things were being taken; then, satisfied apparently with what he saw, he looked away again to a corner of the room at the ceiling,

wiped an old fleck of foam from the top of his nose with his raw silk handkerchief and went on.

"All at once," he said, "Miss Right broke out of the line and hurried up to the desk. She was in an unreasonable frame of mind and believe me, she looked charming. Well sir, there was a situation! Everybody looked up to see what the hell, and the crowd went suddenly quiet. I can remember it as clearly as anything; for some reason at that moment the ferris wheel had stopped. There had been a juke box playing an awful tune all afternoon; for some reason it had stopped too and there wasn't an aeroplane in the sky. You could hear Miss Right all over the crowded grounds; a clear, piping sort of a voice, a nice, sharp, pleasant-sounding voice. 'You haven't done any measuring!' she said. 'This so-called beauty contest has gone on an hour and a half and not a measuring tape have I seen!' By gosh, she was right too! Here we'd been making notes on deportment and all that to keep ourselves protected, and all the while we'd left ourselves wide open. And the stupid thing was that I had brought a tape but I'd left it in my raincoat pocket and clean forgotten it. We were simply floored. However, I could see that someone would have to take a grip in a hurry; the Doctor appeared to be on the point of doing something indiscreet so I beat him to it and stood up. 'Miss Right,' I said. 'How proper of you to remind us! But we had not overlooked the measuring you know, not exactly. Would you like to return to your place in the line?' I'm a poor liar so I just had to smile as warmly as I could; and bless her heart, if she didn't smile back at me and go!"

"The crowd gave her a cheer," I said. "Do you remember?"

"Indeed I do!" said Bill. "Indeed, they were a wonderful crowd! In fact, if they hadn't cheered her we might never have got the measuring past the Doctor at all. He was furious, you know, and full of contempt, but after the crowd cheered we had no alternative. Furthermore, as I explained to him, everything I had read up on the subject of beauty regarded the measurements as vital."

"I suppose they're pretty important," Bristow said. These finer points, I could see, were of absorbing interest to him. He had been running his index finger under his nose and pulling at the lobes of his ears for some time now. Also he had let his mouth fall open, a rare thing for Bristow.

"Why man dear!" said Bill. "As you will discover by the story, they're crucial! I would go so far as to say that without the tape there's no judgment. Well dear me, in our case it was most revealing. It's hard to believe but the Doctor's beautiful Sally—and I must confess I had pretty well settled on her myself—was thirty-nine inches in the bust! All three of us measured her, the Doctor last and most carefully of all, but there was no getting around it; thirty-nine inches it was, staring us in the eye. At that she was better than poor little Helen Collins with her purple eyes and her black hair; poor little Helen was almost a freak; thirty-four inches in the bust and as if that wasn't enough, thirty-seven inches in the hips. It was incredible! If these girls weren't beautiful, who could possibly be? Well, we may as well get on with it; I imagine you've already guessed the answer anyhow; Miss Right was. She was the beauty. As a matter of fact she was perfect, the only one in the entire parade. Just to be absolutely certain we looked up my texts, which I had brought to the contest with me; but there was no doubt; there was not a hair's discrepancy between her measurements and those of the perfect woman. The Doctor, of course, was wild. He kept saying that it wasn't reasonable. 'It's against reason!' he kept saying. But, as I pointed out to him, reason was exactly what it was not against. In fact it was the sort of fact that a reasonable man would be bound to accept. Rogier was astonished, like all the rest of us, but he was philosophical; he was disappointed and he was loyal

to his Helen, but, he said, if Miss Right was the most beautiful, that's what she was. As for the crowd—they were delighted. They'd apparently been rooting for her all along. All the other girls were delighted. Miss Right herself was radiant, and altogether it was a most beautiful and most moving and rewarding occasion. I look back on it, always, with the utmost pleasure."

Bristow had put in a thoroughly enjoyable evening. It did my heart good to see him enjoy himself. Bill had another file of advertisements he had cut out containing, principally, pictures of Miss Right's legs. For some reason they seldom made use of her whole figure; she appeared mostly in stocking ads. We spent the rest of the evening looking at them and discussing one thing and another, and before we left Bristow got Miss Right's address in New York.

By a fortunate coincidence he was able to arrange a business trip to New York before the end of the week. He flew down. The day after he left Bill Joad received a most enthusiastic telegram from him and phoned me up to tell me about it.

"Isn't it splendid?" he said.

Aunt Alice Among the Angels David West

SHORT STORY

► MY AUNT ALICE was the only one of my father's relatives who had any pretensions to being a human being, and that because she had no pretensions whatsoever. She was not much over forty, but she had an invigoratingly youthful appearance, and attributed it all to Christian Science. Not only did she believe in Christian Science, but she earned her living by believing in it, and this made her faith all the more ardent. Her religion was one of the few things she had inherited from my grandmother that were of any use to her. Purely apart from practical considerations, her faith was, if anything, too strong.

I remember being told that when I was two she was sitting by the fire, reading the poems of Rupert Brooke, when the phone rang. She got up, and not knowing what to do with me, for I had been in her lap, negligently dropped me into the coal-scuttle. This somewhat surprised me, but it was a nice coal-scuttle, and on the whole I enjoyed the experience. My mother was somewhat shaken.

"Non-sense," said my Aunt Alice. "There is no such thing as pain. There is no such thing as Death. Life is an illusion. So you see the child was quite safe."

She peered anxiously into the coal-scuttle, and smiled.

"You see," she said. "He's quite happy playing with the coal dust. If he weren't he'd be crying." She felt my head absentmindedly.

"Not even a bump," she said. "Children are amazingly durable."

My mother said nothing.

I was fond of my Aunt Alice and she was fond of me, but she did have her drawbacks. She lived in terror of rubber in any shape or form. She had an office downtown, but she almost never went to it, because the elevator had a rubber floor, and it was five stories up to her office. The stairs had rubber treads. It was thus possible to catch a glimpse of Aunt Alice edging her way nervously up the stairs to her office, crowding against the wall, where there was no rubber, and gazing with fascinated horror at the treads.

Again, she was very fond of driving into the country, but one day discovered something which prevented her from doing so any longer.

"What are the mats of the floor made of?" she asked aimlessly.

"Hard rubber," said my father without thinking.

Aunt Alice sat bolt upright. "Stop the car," she said firmly.

"Why?" asked my father.

"Never mind why," cried Aunt Alice. "Just stop it."

Her tone was anguished, so the car was stopped. Aunt Alice opened the door and jumped out.

"I'm walking back to town," she said.

"Good Lord, why?"

She pointed a trembling finger at the floor of the car.

"Don't be silly, Alice," said my mother.

Alice shivered. "If I put my feet on that . . . rubber . . ." she said, "I shall be ill for days. You know rubber makes me ill."

"But you can't walk back to town."

"I can borrow a bicycle."

"It will have rubber tires."

My Aunt Alice gave us a look of horror, and sitting down on a stone, began to cry as though her heart would break. Angriily my father got out and ripped up the rubber from the front seat and the floor.

"There," he said. "Now are you satisfied?"

Aunt Alice got in, and we drove back to town in silence. She looked at the scenery wistfully, as though seeing it for the last time. Which was almost the truth, for she steadfastly refused to go out in an automobile again.

I don't know what was at the root of this phobia, but I do know that she fainted one day when she found me bouncing a rubber beach balloon, and I threw it at her to catch. On the whole, however, our relations were cordial. She always forgave me. I tried to be nice. And it was she who first introduced me to culture.

The one theatre in Victoria, British Columbia, the Theatre Royal, was a big brick tomb which cost a great deal to operate, so culture in Victoria usually was in the possession of churches. Therefore my first cultural evening took place in a church, of what denomination I forget.

This was appropriate enough, for culture was a matter of devotion and of religious feeling. In this case culture was represented by a Canadian soprano whose name should be disguised. She is still alive, and still, I regret to say, singing.

We arrived late, because I had had my fingernails, neck, and ears inspected, and had been forced into my blue suit with the short pants, and a white shirt with a wide collar. The collar made my neck itch, and the pants were tight in the crotch, so that I had to slide forward in order to be comfortable. Naturally enough, sliding forward was strictly forbidden, and when, sitting upright, I tried to relieve the pressure with my hand, it was taken away from me and placed firmly in my lap.

We went to our places, and, surrounded by a forest of immense people, I peered forward to see what was going on.

In front of the pulpit was a shiny grand piano, the lid propped up, making a dark and frightening cave. It was banked by flowers. Suddenly the noise of the audience died away, and I leaned forward and put my chin in my hands. I think I expected acrobats. I adored acrobats, and two weeks before I had seen some in a church that looked very much like this one.

Instead of acrobats, a little man appeared and slid onto the piano seat. The audience applauded, and I craned forward to see why.

An immense bullock of a woman appeared abruptly from behind the pulpit. She seemed to be built up like a double ice-cream cone, and her face was very red. She wore a gigantic picture hat which flopped up and down as she moved, and

in her hands she held a sheaf of gladiolas. These she attempted to place on the piano, but seeing the lid lifted, placed them somewhere behind her. I wanted to see where, so I stood up, and was hauled back into place.

Suddenly the woman squared off, opened her mouth experimentally, the pianist attacked the piano, and then, quite audibly, she belched.

A look of inane surprise came over her face. There was a deadly hush, and she swayed backwards and forwards a little. The pianist began again, and suddenly she began to bellow.

"Come into the garden, Miranda," she sang. She had absurdly small hands, and she moved them about decoratively while she sang, pulling a handkerchief out of her sleeve and toying with it expertly.

I watched the handkerchief, hypnotized, and then realized that my crotch was beginning to itch. I furtively put down my hand and felt better, only to have it unexpectedly moved sharply to the left and gripped by my Aunt, who looked at me reprovingly.

The woman went on and on, and my mind began to wander. On the face of my aunt appeared a look of abstracted rapture, mixed with gentle boredom. I looked around me, and then I began to feel a slight vibration. The two people in front of me parted, and looking forward, I saw the soprano's foot tapping the floor. It was clad in a pink satin slipper, and protruded from the hem of her dress. It was open-toed, and three toes peeped through, jammed into the opening. As I watched, the foot moved faster and faster, and the heel began to lift up and down. For some reason or other it seemed very funny, and I began to laugh, at first to myself. To stop making a noise, I began to eat the program, and tears came to my eyes. Then I noticed that my Aunt's eyes were also glued to the now violently moving foot, and then we looked at one another, and she began to smile, and to laugh silently to herself. Thus encouraged, I began to laugh softly too.

Abruptly the soprano swayed slightly, putting her arm on the pianist for support. He had not been expecting this, and his hands fumbled on the keyboard. Then he recovered.

Something was definitely wrong. The piece ended hurriedly, and the soprano left hastily, on the arm of the pianist. There was a ripple of applause.

"Is she sick?" I asked.

"No, dear," said my Aunt Alice. "Not sick."

The pianist appeared, and said that because of the illness of Mme. (I did not catch the name) there would be no encores. Looking relieved, the audience stood up, applauded guiltily, and slunk from the hall. When we got outside, Aunt Alice leaned against a tree, the tears streaming down her face, and laughed and laughed.

"Oh my," she said. "The blessings of culture, the blessings of culture."

Then she looked at me shamefacedly, but seeing my expression, burst out laughing again. Furtively I loosened my trousers a little and waited for her to take me home.

"Poor Flora," said my Aunt Alice. "Why did she have to choose tonight to be drunk?" Suddenly becoming aware of me, she held out her hand. "Come along," she said. "I expect you're tired."

I was, but I was enjoying myself. I always enjoyed myself with Aunt Alice, though some of her habits were very puzzling. For instance, she took me for boat rides on the Straits. I liked the boat rides, but there was something that puzzled me.

She would play with me for a while, and talk to me about Mary Baker Eddy, and then, seeing I was equipped with some other children to play with, she would go off to the stern of the boat. She would look rather sad, sitting there

watching the men and women out for a cruise on the Straits. She would smile slightly at people she didn't know, and her smile was quite enchanting, being sly and girlish. She would watch the young men and women, and she would cover sheet after sheet of a stenographic notebook with shorthand marks I couldn't understand, and as she finished each one, would tear it off and throw it overboard. Sometimes, when she was particularly sad, she would write very rapidly, and in the white wake of the boat pages and pages of notes would fall one after another down into the churning water.

I would watch the pages ripple under the water, grow wet, and sink, and wonder what she was doing. I was sure it was very important and immensely secret. One day I asked her, but all she said was: "I am practising shorthand."

"But you know shorthand," I said.

She looked vague. "Very well, then," she said. "I am writing a book about what happened to a little girl."

"Did she grow up and get married?" I asked.

"Perhaps," said Aunt Alice. "Perhaps. I think she must have, because she was very fond of little children." She smiled at me. "Particularly little boys," she said. "Would you like to have an Eskimo pie?"

Of course I said I would.

"Good," she said. "And I shall have one with you. Just for company."

Film Review

Belle Pomer

► IN COMPARISON WITH the films we have seen on the subject of race prejudice, *Home of the Brave* is certainly a step in the right direction. It penetrates beyond external circumstances and uncovers a little of the complex interplay of emotional disturbances, between persecutors and persecuted, on which such prejudice thrives.

Moss, the central character, is a Negro army engineer who has volunteered for a dangerous mission to an obscure but important Pacific island; the remainder of the party consists of four white men: Finch, a schoolboy friend, T.J., an ornery private who despises "niggers," Mingo, a rather more intelligent but noncommittal corporal, and Robinson, the major in charge of the mission.

Moss is a more or less average Negro; all through his life his conscious reason for feeling different and insecure has been the colour of his skin in a white man's world. This is not to say that all Negroes feel more insecure than all white men; for almost everyone, white or colored, suffers to some extent from a sense of insecurity, with various conscious reasons: thus the major . . . "They think I'm too young"; T.J. . . . "They hate my guts because I made so much money in civilian life." Moss, however, breaks down, as the others do not, under the burden of an isolation imposed on him by men like T.J., whose inner guilt needs an external and helpless scapegoat. When the army psychiatrist, therefore, tells Moss that T.J. and people like him "need as much help as you do, perhaps more," we quite agree.

It is good to see the question of racial prejudice recognized as a problem for the psychiatrist as well as for the educator. As a matter of fact, without the help of the former, the work of the latter is useless. The doctor tries to assure Moss that it is natural for a man, any man, to feel a first surge of gladness that it is not he who has been killed, even if the dead man, as in this case, was a close friend. "Do you believe me?" the doctor cries. "I don't know," is Moss's wavering reply; "I believe it up here," pointing to his head, "but," and he points to his heart, "I don't know if I believe it here." Similarly, any number of attacks on race prejudice from the

intellectual point of view are wasted, if the prejudiced individual has an emotional need to find a scapegoat for his own inner burden of guilt or insecurity.

The film also touches off the much-discussed question of hyper-sensitivity. The first night they are on the island, Moss produces a packet of fried chicken which he had prepared before they left on their mission. T.J., the most prejudiced of the four white men, is grateful, and attempts to show his gratitude by reminiscing expansively about a Negro restaurant back home; "clean as a whistle," he says, "great cooks, colored folk"; and he concludes with a joke about a colored janitor he once had who was "a natural comic." The discomfort on Moss' face is obvious and epidemic; Finch and Mingo snub T.J. for his bad taste and leave him more puzzled and resentful than ever.

It has been argued that a Scotchman can initiate a joke about himself; but jokes about Scotchmen do not have behind them the background of blood and persecution which hovers around jokes about Negroes and Jews; and though T.J.'s intentions are good, his attitude and his phrases are full of an offensive patronage which springs directly from his essential bigotry. Nevertheless, I object to the subtle implication in the picture that all jokes of race, religion, and colour are necessarily offensive and malicious. To be able to take a joke at one's own expense is a healthy state of affairs; it is a matter of arriving at the point where the joke is simply a joke, with no undercurrent of malevolence on the one part, or of uneasiness on the other.

The word tolerance is constantly used in the educational programs about race prejudice. But who wants to be tolerated? A more desirable attitude is suggested by a brief dialogue between the Major and Mingo. "You know," the major says, "since we got on this island, I never think of him as being black." Mingo is silent for a moment. Then, with the barest touch of irony, he replies, "Yeh, and you know, I never think of you as being white."

Home of the Brave deals with the problem of race prejudice in a manner which, although it leaves much to be desired, is still an improvement on Hollywood's previous efforts; it is also a tense and moving piece of work, full of atmosphere. But the characters are still broadly-drawn types rather than individuals; angel voices still swell the air at what is considered the propitious moment. What is most disturbing of all is an unusual sense of conflict between the intellectual and emotional appeal of the picture.

There has been a great deal of criticism recently of Hollywood's infantile presentation of life, and as much praise, on the other hand, for the realism of the European films. *Home of the Brave* is a sincere enough attempt to present its audience with reality, but it is a case of covering a basket of poor apples with a layer of grade A. In *Paisan* or *Torment*, for example, realism of intellect and emotion are, as they should be, an integrated whole; *Home of the Brave*, however, pays only lip service to reality. Moss's difficulties and the limitations of the psychiatric treatment given him are expressed carefully enough in words, but the emotional effect on the audience is nevertheless that of a miracle cure. It is no defense to say that it is necessary to telescope psychiatric time in a movie; the English film, *Mine Own Executioner*, presents the same sort of situation without minimizing the tremendous human problems involved.

Finally, Hollywood, finding itself compelled as usual to send the audience away with the positive feeling that everything is going to be all right, contrives a much too pat ending, in which Mingo, offering to become Moss's partner, smoothly replaces the dead Finch in his affections, and the two go off together, presumably to bolster one another for the rest of their lives. I still think they manage these things better in France—or Italy—or Sweden.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► THE MUSIC THAT DARIUS MILHAUD wrote for *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* is surely one of the most delightful examples of the French reaction from the atmospheric style of Debussy toward what Milhaud and the other members of "Le Six" believed was Gallic clarity and gaiety. *Le Boeuf sur le Toit*, indeed, is more than gay in the Offenbach tradition; it is positively jaunty and carries off its vulgarity with the proper air. Columbia has recorded the work with Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis symphony. Neither recording nor performance is as bright or distinctive as one might wish, but on the whole this is an enjoyable rendition of a delightful work.

As a change from opera Columbia has given Helen Traubel eight songs, mostly religious, to sing in her new album. Unfortunately, they are nearly all chestnuts which have been recorded many times before, such as Handel's *Largo, I know that my Redeemer liveth*, and *He shall feed his flock*, Bach's *Komm, Süßer Tod* and Mendelssohn's *O Rest in the Lord*. However, it is also true that most of them are great songs and that Helen Traubel sings them with richness and breadth, although in *He shall feed his flock* her phrasing and delivery of the words could be improved (note, for example, her opening phrases). The unnamed accompanying orchestra under O'Connell is pedestrian but unobtrusive.

The music from *South Pacific*, which Columbia has released with the original cast, is surely the best score that Rodgers has done since *Oklahoma!* I was particularly glad to see disappear the peculiar pietistic, if not evangelistic, strain which was noticeable in *You'll never walk alone* and a song about Mother and Home from *Allegro*, whose name I have forgotten. Mary Martin is surely the finest leading lady that Rodgers and Hammerstein have ever had and she gets the most out of such songs as *Wonderful Guy*, *Cock-eyed Optimist*, and *Honey Bun*. Pinza's delivery is sometimes awkward, but this is probably inherent in the role, and his voice is still splendid. As for Juanita Hall, she needs to be seen as well as heard, I suspect, if one is to appreciate fully her singing of *Happy Talk* or *Bali Ha'i*.

The World Revolves

The world revolves the world revolves O
Slowly upon its axis East and West
Its iron axis groans.

The faith of Omsk is fired in Omaha
Dogma of Omaha is straitly bound
To sifting salt in Omsk

Both sides cry peace (but now it's traitorous
To talk of peace not ordered for the day
By Army's High Command

The world revolves) the world revolves O
Slowly on one foot. Is it mad only
North-north-east?

Which is the hawk?
Or the handsaw?

Margaret Stobie.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► THE POLITICAL NOVEL of the 'thirties was dominated by European writers, but recently the centre of investigation appears to have shifted. Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey* and Humphrey Slater's *The Heretics* have lately provided us with shrewd insights into the ideology-ridden mind of the contemporary intellectual, and now, in his most powerful and heretical book*, an author whose life has been a series of stubborn heresies presents us with a vision of the future far more appalling than any prophecy by a Wells or a Huxley.

In the year 1984, according to Orwell, the world is dominated by three immense totalitarian empires, Oceania, Eurasia and Eastasia, which exist in a state of permanent war. Warfare now consists of an endless succession of obscure battles of limited scope fought out in the most backward areas of the world, along the vaguely-defined frontiers of the three powers. The great atomic wars of an earlier decade had threatened to become in fact wars of annihilation, and had consequently been abandoned. But the real significance of permanent war is that it "is waged by each ruling group against its own subjects . . . to keep the structure of society intact." At one time, Orwell argues, an expanding economy seemed destined to create an equalitarianism based upon abundance, and thus to destroy the power of the ruling class. The answer to this threat was permanent war, an artificially depressed economy, and a class structure founded upon blunt recognition of the fact that fundamentally the ruling class is devoted to power for its own sake. By implication the new ruling class, the inner Party, is the same in each of the three powers. In one of his most significant incidental comments Orwell has defined this group: the Inner Party is made up of "bureaucrats, scientists, technicians, trade-union organizers, publicity experts, sociologists, teachers, journalists, and professional politicians."

The scene of *Nineteen Eighty-four* is Airstrip One (England), and Orwell's protagonist is a certain Winston Smith, an obscure clerk in the Ministry of Truth (i.e., Lies), a kind of confused heretic by instinct. Smith lives in a decaying world, directed and spied upon by ever-present television screens and hidden microphones, spiritually impoverished by the dictatorship's absolute control of his every thought and emotion, physically wrecked by barbaric working conditions, vile food and Victory Gin. He is a member of the Outer Party (the minor officials), and his job is to re-write history day by day, so that the unceasing wisdom of the Inner Party will be verified by the records and all sense of the past destroyed. A Party axiom is: "Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past."

Smith's unorthodoxy begins when he cannot force himself to forget the past (one of the best sections of the novel describes his wistful attempts to recapture some idea of the world which existed before the Party came to power). Nor can he master the science of "double-think" (the ability to hold two contradictory ideas at the same time: that is, to recognize and deny paradox simultaneously). Smith does not even fully understand the beauty of "Newspeak," the rigidly simplified language which is steadily being grafted upon Oceania society and which will eventually make "thoughtcrime" literally impossible; he persists in a nostalgic admiration for "Oldspeak," a language in which words have shades of meaning, the language of heresy. In a society where sex has been made as nearly as possible functional,

*NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR: George Orwell; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Secker and Warburg); pp. 314; \$3.00.

Smith enters into an affair with a co-worker. Finally, he believes that there will someday be a revolution, beginning among the "proles" (proletarians) who make up the great majority of the population. The proles exist in utter degradation, but they are permitted a certain freedom and a relatively wide range of passions.

Smith's heresy is soon discovered, and he is brought back to orthodoxy in the torture chambers of the Ministry of Love. In the past dissidents were slaughtered; later, in a more subtle age, they were led to make public confessions. But always some became martyrs. In Oceania they first repent; but then they accept and go free; and at some future time they simply disappear. There will be no martyrs in Oceania.

In *Nineteen Eighty-four* Orwell has brought to near-perfection a firm, middle-range style which perhaps cannot encompass all subtleties but which is a good deal more flexible than appears at first glance. It is a novel of almost perfunctory characterization; but this is largely so because it is an intensely social novel, a novel of ideas, and the characters are necessarily vehicles, they express attitudes.

These attitudes and ideas cannot be discussed here as thoroughly as they deserve. But it should be emphasized, first of all, that the society depicted in *Nineteen Eighty-four* is modelled to a large degree upon the society which evidently now exists in the U.S.S.R. Anyone who believes that many of the things Orwell presents in this novel are not happening in the world right now should read such careful studies as Boris Souvarine's *Stalin* and Bertram D. Wolfe's *Three Who Made a Revolution*. Here he will find, for instance, a description of the falsification of history which is forever underway in the U.S.S.R. Orwell's novel also owes something to such interpretations of the Moscow Trials as that advanced in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*.

Big Brother, the dictator who rules Oceania, and Goldstein, his possibly mythical underground opponent, resemble Stalin and Trotsky. Big Brother represents the dictator as paradox: the fountainhead of all terror, he is at the same time the universal father-image, the sponsor of whatever art and science still exists, the repository of all wisdom and all love. The pages which are reproduced in the novel from Goldstein's book, *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*, have something of the scope and the tone usually associated with Trotsky's theoretical writings.

It would be trivial and misleading to suggest, however, that *Nineteen Eighty-four* is merely an attack on Stalinism. The idea which underlies everything else in this novel—the theory of permanent war—has been put forth by a number of political observers during these last years. They do not argue that the trend towards a permanent war economy can simply be associated with one political ideology, but rather that it is something which is infecting all advanced societies, capitalist, socialist and Stalinist. Nothing in *Nineteen Eighty-four* suggests that Orwell would modify this theory in any significant fashion. He could scarcely avoid accepting the U.S.S.R. as the model for specific attributes of a rigid modern dictatorship. But the hidden plague, the corruption following inevitably upon the will to absolute power, works itself out in all societies.

Today Orwell is certainly a political pessimist. Yet it is important to understand that in this novel he is presenting his vision of life in the year 1984 not as an accomplished fact but as the logical end-result of tendencies now aggressively at work in the world. There may still be one last hope left to consider, and in fact Orwell's early books, his whole career, and a few suggestions in this novel make it possible to judge what that hope may be.

"If there is hope it lies in the proles." This is Winston Smith's profession of faith. But it should not be taken literally: for Smith, and for Orwell, the proles have become a symbol, and what they stand for is everything which it has been the aim of the dictatorship to stifle or corrupt. Spontaneity, personal loyalty, affection: it is the shadow of these intensely human attributes which Smith believes that he can perceive in the proles and which he tries to bring alive in himself during his brief love affair. These are the attributes which Orwell has always celebrated, upon which he has based his sensible ethical principles, and which he has accused the intellectuals and the professional class of abandoning in their fascination with systems and ideologies. (In some ways, Orwell has always been very much like D. H. Lawrence). But whatever hope may yet exist, Orwell's warning so powerfully expressed in *Nineteen Eighty-four* still stands. For of what value are even these fine attributes when, through force of circumstance, they have finally become a shadow, "the animal instinct, the simple undifferentiated desire"?

ROBERT L. WEAVER.

BOOKS REVIEWED

BLAKE STUDIES: Notes on His Life and Works in Seventeen Chapters; Geoffrey Keynes; Clarke, Irwin (Rupert Hart-Davis); pp. 254; \$10.50.

A glance through the bibliography of Geoffrey Keynes's writings on Blake, appended to the present volume, will show to what a remarkable extent we are indebted to him for our knowledge of a man who remains perhaps the most provocative figure in English art and literature. He has further added to our indebtedness by publishing this miscellaneous collection of essays on particular aspects of the artist's life and work. The collection—which is published by the publishers who, earlier this year, performed a signal service to Blake studies by printing a revised edition of Miss Mona Wilson's indispensable *The Life of William Blake*—is most handsomely produced, and the standard of both the typography and the illustrations, many of which are reproductions of unfamiliar and inaccessible works, is remarkably high.

Mr. Keynes apologizes in his Preface for the apparent triviality of some of his themes but the apology is hardly necessary. It is of great importance that we should see clearly the character of a man which is else in danger, through the comparative slightness and untrustworthiness of our knowledge, of being misinterpreted. It is too easy to fall into the temptation of representing Blake as a prophet who, despising the systematic and necessarily laborious acquirement of the rudiments of art, relied entirely upon direct inspiration. Such an attitude towards him can only damage his reputation by its deliberate underestimate of the hard and conscious work that preceded his greatest achievements. Mr. Keynes' chapter on the history of the "Job" designs, in which he shows for how long Blake brooded upon and elaborated the original idea, and remarks on his methods of work in other chapters, are an admirable correction to this widespread and pernicious attitude. A further reason why any scrap of information about Blake's life is of peculiar importance is that a dependable gloss on those autobiographical passages embedded in the *Prophetic Books* would considerably lighten their apparent obscurity and directly help towards an understanding of the poet's message. Thus, Mr. Keynes' chapter, "William and Robert," is a useful contribution towards the unravelling of the true relationship between Blake and his favourite brother—a relationship of the greatest significance in his spiritual life. It is only possible to hint at the many subjects which Mr. Keynes discusses with clarity and scholarship, but they range from the corrections made to the text of the *Poetical Sketches* to a short history of the production of

the ballet based on the "Job" designs. Altogether, Mr. Keynes has assembled a valuable collection of new information, and the publisher has presented it in a form worthy of the subject.

Douglas Grant.

WITHOUT MAGNOLIAS: Bucklin Moon; Doubleday; pp. 274; \$3.25.

SOUTHBOND: Barbara Anderson; Clarke, Irwin, (Farar, Straus); pp. 339; \$3.25.

These two novels provide an interesting comparison and contrast. In both the central characters are Negroes, and both are concerned with the problems facing Negroes as a result of race prejudice. However, they differ from most earlier novels in this field in that they portray not lynching and mob violence but the more subtle effects of prejudice on personality.

Without Magnolias shows different aspects of Negro society through the lives of one family living in a small Florida town. Luther, the eldest, works in a bar and has delayed his marriage to Eulia, who works as a domestic servant, to help his two sisters get an education. Alberta, the elder sister, has gone north to become a social worker in Harlem. Bessie, the youngest, is secretary to the president of the Negro college. As the story works out, Luther marries Eulia, loses his subservience to his white boss, and begins to develop self-reliance through the labor movement. Bessie falls in love with Eric Gardiner, a young sociology professor from Chicago who finds it difficult to accept the university president's submissive attitude to the white trustees. The ending illustrates the Lewis Carroll text: "Now here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to stay in the same place," with Eric forced to resign his professorship because he has criticized the use of the atomic bomb against the Japanese, and the president, who has attempted to defend Eric, again surrendering to the combined pressure of the white trustees and his social-climbing wife.

The book gives a more rounded and complete picture of Negro society than any previous novel, catching in quick vignettes the life of the working class, middle class, and intellectuals, against the overhanging backdrop of white prejudice, and revealing the forces that motivate both the appeasers and the radicals.

Southbound gives a narrower and more personal picture. Its central character is Amanda Crane, the illegitimate child of a Negro girl and a southern aristocrat. She is brought up by her adoring grandmother, Laura, who wants to pass her off as a white child. When she fails to get her adopted by the rich Miss Carter, Laura takes Amanda to Ohio where she hopes she will have a better chance than in her native Alabama. Amanda has great musical talent, and much of the story deals with her attempts to develop this talent, first in Ohio and later in Paris. She longs for a successful concert career and also for love and romance, but she finds that neither are simple for a colored girl. She leaves France reluctantly and returns to America. On her way to a teaching position in Iowa, she meets a Negro doctor who is returning to his post in an Alabama university after having had to go to New York to get medical attention denied him in the South. A somewhat melodramatic train wreck results in Amanda deciding to join the doctor in the South where her talents could best serve the needs of her race. Thus the ending reverses that of *Without Magnolias*, where Eric and Bessie are leaving a Florida university for Chicago.

Without Magnolias, the winner of the George Washington Carver Award for outstanding writing by or about American Negroes, is a better novel than *Southbound*, but both are well worth reading. While they do not drive home their thesis with the force of such books as *Native Son*, *Strange Fruit*, or

Deep Are the Roots, they may be more effective because they are more believable. We know in our conscious mind that lynching and mob violence do happen, but subconsciously we feel that they are too horrible to be quite real. The less violent, more ordinary forms of prejudice portrayed in *Without Magnolias* and *Southbound* are likely to be more convincing to the average reader.

Edith Fowke.

FIJIAN VILLAGE: Buell Quain; Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. 459; \$5.50.

The aim of this book is perfectly clear; it is to describe the life and thoughts of the inhabitants of a small village in the interior of Fiji, where the author lived and worked in 1935. Fortunately, the day is past when an anthropologist needs justification for investigating any group of *homo sapiens*. Though physically and culturally the Fijians are far removed from Canadians, their problems are the problems of all mankind, and they can be seen more clearly and objectively in an alien society. This is one of the practical applications of anthropology: a field investigator has the difficult task of collecting the raw data of human actions and desires—and man is the hardest of all creatures to understand—but the facts are not mere items of interest, they are illustrations of *how* and *why* man behaves under the special circumstances of his own mode of life. For man never reacts passively to his environment; he builds up an artificial environment of his own customs and beliefs, which in turn control him. This is as true in Fiji as in Toronto, but perhaps it is easier to see in Fiji.

Quain's technique was that of every good anthropologist. He settled in "his" community, in this case the village of Nakaroka on Vanua Levu, Fiji; and made friends with everyone. He watched the work in the gardens, probably took part in pig-hunting expeditions, took notes of all he saw and, more important, of all he heard. Like most small villages, in Fiji and elsewhere, Nakaroka was a hot-bed of gossip—and Quain listened and recorded. In an able historical introduction, the author shows how the old life was affected by the natives of Tonga, and by the introduction of Wesleyan Methodism, resulting in a lack of stability. The

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rules of chieftainship, for example, were ill-defined; on the one hand a chief was the upholder of tradition, on the other he was expected to show his prestige by disregarding the rules that restrained lesser men. And in the background stood the ultimate authority, the British official.

Fiji is a community in transition. New values, new desires, new restraints, all are throwing a strain on the people of Nakaroka. The setting is different, but the problems are the fundamental ones of any changing community. Quain describes them as they affected the men and women he knew—giving example after example and citing the individuals concerned. He uses pseudonyms, though his descriptions are so clear that I imagine the characters could easily be identified by anyone who knew Nakaroka.

Fijian Village is one of the most detailed studies of behaviour in a primitive community that has appeared. The anecdotal method of presentation makes it difficult for the reader to follow, but the details are definitely available to the social scientist. Tragically, the author died in the course of a later investigation in South America, but he has left a lasting mark in this study of Fiji. *T. F. McIlwraith.*

WHISPER MY NAME: Burke Davis; Clarke, Irwin (Rinehart and Company); pp. 282; \$2.75.

This is a first book; from the quality of its writing it seems probable that it is not also a last one.

Whisper My Name is the story of a young Jewish retail merchant who, on moving from Philadelphia to Elizabeth, North Carolina, attempts to pass himself off as, to use his own word (a somewhat vicious word, having in reverse some of the same implications as the equally vicious word Kike, so that one wonders why Mr. Davis used it), a goy. Born Daniel Hyman Goldstein, he becomes Dan Gordon, joins the Baptist Church, acquires wealth, the regard of his fellow citizens, a beautiful and passionate mistress, and a rich and beautiful wife. We meet him young, timid, lonely, good-hearted, and ambitious; we leave him secure, respected, affluent, and, in a way not easy to define, broken, for his fears have been needless and his efforts useless—everyone who counts in Elizabeth has known him for what he is almost from the moment he set foot in the town.

Mr. Davis's theme is but a variant on an old and recently much exploited one, but the above bald outline does justice neither to the writer nor his book. His people come alive, his knowledge of small-town life in the South is enormous, his story-telling skill considerable, so that one does not boggle too much at the several cliché-situations which he exploits. The quality of his writing is not uniform: at its lowest, however, it is good reporting; at its highest it is oddly reminiscent, in its evocative ability, of the work of Thomas Wolfe, but without Wolfe's habit of running on. *Whisper My Name* is an eminently readable book, difficult to put down. *A.S.*

IMMORTAL SHADOWS: Stark Young; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribner's); pp. 290; \$3.75.

The sight of the huge pile of his own reviews must make the average critic quite sick. If he is wise he will forget about them. Sometimes he half persuades himself that he too can "write" and, grasping confusedly at a straw immortality, collects his papers and makes a book. But Mr. Young is no ordinary critic. For one thing, he has been writing weekly (mainly in *The New Republic*) and has been able to devote time and study to his essays, for that is what they are. He also has a fine mind, as is apparent on every page. So this book, which gives the eventful history of the American theatre from 1921 to 1947, turns out to be thoroughly satisfying both as general and as dramatic criticism. Less superficially glittering than the famous reviews

of Shaw, these are probably wiser and richer. Mr. Young reconciles fruitfully the values of the reader and theatre-goer, so that one supports and enriches the other.

Except when he succumbs (once or twice) to the familiar critical temptation of "emotional suggestion," he writes surely, quietly, and tellingly. His tastes veer refreshingly from "the realistic" and from "the predictable and the repeated." This means that not only Gertrude Stein and Martha Graham get their thoughtful due, but that even the underestimated Orson Welles gets his. *Chester Duncan.*

THE WRITTEN WORD: How to Write Readable Prose; Gorham Munson; McClelland and Stewart (Creative Age Press); pp. 285; \$3.50.

Of the making of books there is no end, as someone perspicaciously observed some little time ago. Of the making of books about the making of books there was a vigorous new beginning only a few years back, a lively spate of these how-to-do-it-volumes has been rolling out ever since, and of this flood Mr. Munson's volume is a by no means undistinguished member. In fact, and insofar as writing can be learned by reading about writing, just a few more as good as *The Written Word* and there might well be an end to the making of books about the making of books.

Gorham Munson has seven previous books to his credit, he has for some twenty years taught a course in writing at the New School for Social Research in New York, and his present effort bears everywhere the marks of experience, understanding, and good sense. Anyone who writes, tries to write, or is interested in the writer's problems, mechanics and pitfalls can hardly fail to find *The Written Word* both useful and interesting. *Allan Sangster.*

ALL I COULD NEVER BE: Beverley Nichols; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 348; \$3.75.

More than twenty years ago Beverley Nichols wrote the first instalment of his autobiography calling it "25"; it was brash, whimsical, and full of gossipy trivia. The best (and, of course, the worst) that can be said for his second instalment is that Beverley Nichols hasn't changed a bit; he is still brash, whimsical, and gossipy. He prattles on about dear Willie Maugham, delicious Gertrude Lawrence, and that horrid depression after 1929—frightfully tiresome and sick-making, wasn't it—without apparently realizing that a middle-aged Peter Pan is no longer a delight, but an embarrassment and an offence to his contemporaries, and a figure of fun to his juniors. *All I Could Never Be* is a sad ridiculous book of no significance whatever except to those who might be interested in a case of remarkably articulate arrested development. *D.H.M.*

THE CANADA YEAR BOOK 1948-49; King's Printer, Ottawa; pp. 1300; (cloth) \$2.00.

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